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The Constitution of the V Republic of France

J. A. Laponce

► ONE OF THE LAST acts of the last parliament of the Fourth Republic was to delegate to General de Gaulle the power of drafting a new constitution. The only restrictions set by Parliament were that the constitution would have to be submitted to the people in a referendum and that the new system of government would have to be based on the principles of universal suffrage as the source of legislative and executive powers, the separation of legislative and executive, the responsibility of the cabinet before Parliament, and the independence of the Judiciary.

De Gaulle set two committees to work on a preliminary draft, the first a committee of "technicians" drawn mainly from the Council of State (the Highest Administrative Court) and the second a committee of politicians made up of the members of the inner cabinet. At the end of July, such a draft was made public and submitted for advice to an Advisory Constitutional Committee composed in its majority of senators and members of the National Assembly. The Advisory Committee suggested amendments tending to reduce the powers of the President of the Republic and to organize the Franco-African community along confederal, rather than federal, lines. On the first point de Gaulle turned down the Committee's suggestions, but on the second point he adopted the Committee's proposals. The draft constitution then went to the Council of State for legal advice and after having been put in its final form by the cabinet it was made public on September 4th, the date of the anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic in 1870. The draft constitution was submitted to the people on September 28th. In metropolitan France, close to 80% of the electorate approved the Constitution. In Algeria and in the overseas territories the proportion of "yes" voters was even higher, except in Guinea, which voted against the constitution and thus became automatically independent, following de Gaulle's promise to give independence to any territory which would vote "no."

An analysis of the constitution shows it to be markedly different from its predecessor only with regard to the Presidency of the Republic and the former French Union renamed "Community."

As under the Constitution of 1946, the legislature is made up of two Houses: the National Assembly and the Senate, both elected on the basis of universal suffrage, the lower House directly, the upper House indirectly. The legislative powers of parliament are limited. The Parliament may regulate such matters as civil rights and their guarantees, taxes, currency, nationalization of enterprises, among

others; it also authorizes the ratification of treaties and defines the fundamental principles governing such matters as national defense, education, contracts, social security, labor codes, among others. Parliament may, by a constitutional law, complete the list of enumerated powers. The matters not specifically defined as legislative fall within the field of executive orders. It is hoped that parliament will thus be relieved of some of its previous burden and that the law will cease to be an instrument for the protection of the privileges of pressure groups such as the beetroot interests or the *bouilleurs de cru*.

The powers of the Senate have been increased. It now has legislative powers almost equal to those of the National Assembly. Bills have to be passed in identical terms by both Houses, except that a deadlock may be broken by the government in favor of the National Assembly. If the latter House must share its legislative power with the Senate, it still has the exclusive right of overthrowing the cabinet. The constitution establishes a special voting procedure for the motions of non-confidence. Such a motion must be signed by at least 10% of the members of the Assembly. If the motion is rejected, the signatories cannot introduce a new motion of non-confidence during the same debate. Furthermore, the only votes recorded are those in favor of the motion. All the votes not cast are assumed to be negative votes. The effect of this provision is to automatically give to the government the votes of those who were absent from the House and of those present who, had they been given the choice, would have abstained. In order to prevent the executive from being paralyzed by a Parliament which, while unable to pass a motion of non-confidence, could refuse to pass ordinary legislation, the government is given the right to attach a motion of confidence to a bill. If, in such a case,

(Continued on back page)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE V REPUBLIC OF FRANCE— J. A. Laponce	169
CURRENT COMMENT	170
CANADIAN CALENDAR	173
A CANADIAN IN BANGKOK — Jean van der Tak	174
FIVE BUCK BET (Short Story) — Ruth Chessman	176
DUST ON MY TREE (Short Story) — Janet E. Green ..	177
SIX POEMS — Irving Layton	178
RECORD REVIEW — H. C. Francis	179
FILM REVIEW — Joan Fox	180
POETRY	181, 182
CORRESPONDENCE	183
TURNING NEW LEAVES — Douglas Joyce	183
BOOKS REVIEWED	185

Current Comment

The American Congressional Campaign

The conviction that the Democrats are going to make huge gains in next month's Congressional elections is universal. In state after state the signs of a Democratic trend of landslide proportions have been noted by all observers and in Maine the landslide has already materialized. Yet the complacency, apathy towards foreign affairs, and limited concern with all but simple pocketbook issues that have reigned throughout the Eisenhower era still appear to prevail. The national mood does not differ very greatly from that of the last off-year Congressional campaign in 1954. Then too a widespread Democratic trend was reported before the election. The Democrats made sufficient gains to win control of both House and Senate, but by lesser margins than had been anticipated. The relatively good Republican showing in the face of expected adversity was widely attributed to the President's vigorous campaigning. This year he has again, in contrast to the practice of most of his predecessors, succumbed to the pleas of the party professionals and agreed to make campaign speeches in most of the crucial states. The difference from 1954 is that he now has only two years in office remaining and there are signs that respect for his statesmanship has declined although his personal popularity remains high. The general conviction that the Republicans cannot possibly hope to recapture Congress and the fact that they have not controlled it since 1954 debar him from making any very convincing use of the argument that he needs a Republican Congress to carry out his program until the end of his term.

Thus there is no good reason to doubt that the Democrats will win a banner victory, capturing seats in states and districts where they have been weak since the depression and, in some cases, since the nineteenth century. Yet the Republicans do not seem to have been as totally discredited in the voters' eyes as this might suggest. Samuel Lubell and the other professional samplers of public opinion report a good deal of conflict and ambivalence among the voters—uncertainties that are being resolved largely in favor of Democratic candidates but that by no means ensure a Democratic victory for the Presidency in 1960. The outcome of this election, like others since 1952, will reflect population shifts favoring the Democrats and a complex of issues like the recession and farm policy which have an impact favoring the Democrats in a number of key states, but no over-all mandate can be inferred from it. However, its effects, particularly in the Senate, will be felt for years to come. The balance in that body will be tipped in favor of liberal Northern Democrats to an extent that will not easily be reversible for six years. We shall, therefore, hear no more about Bricker amendments, "stiff" labor legislation, proposals to restrict the Supreme Court and other headline-makers of the recent past.

If power in the Democratic Party is likely to move away from the Southerners and the "moderates" towards New Dealers, the Republican party appears to have taken a sharp turn towards the Right. This has, curiously, coincided with the final departure of most of those Senators associated with McCarthyism and militant anti-Communism in foreign

policy. Knowland's impending defeat in his effort to win the Governorship of California is simply the most crushing blow this faction will suffer. Yet the old rhetoric about "creeping socialism" and "power-hungry labor bosses" is receiving a work-out the like of which it has not had since 1954, if then. The irrelevance of it all is the most depressing feature of the present campaign, although it does not seem to be having much impact on the voters. Such talk, however, has a way of coming back to haunt those who engage in it. The Republicans sound again like the party of Taft, which, let it not be forgotten, was a minority party frustrated by a sense of being condemned to perpetual opposition.

DHW

Significance of the Federal-Municipal Conference

The recent federal-municipal conference in Ottawa was a by-product of the last Dominion election. Acting on a campaign promise, Prime Minister Diefenbaker staged an informal meeting of mayors and reeves from all parts of Canada with members of the Canadian Cabinet. The event was widely publicized beforehand and was accorded extensive television, radio and press coverage at the time. It served as the present Government's response to repeated demands for national recognition of the great and growing problems of local governments throughout our country.

But what did the meetings accomplish? If the hope was to circumvent constitutional obstacles and produce an im-



Frederick Simpson Coburn

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mediate new deal for municipalities, the result was a complete failure. If the objective was to create machinery for a comprehensive investigation of the local governments' problems out of which a new deal might later emerge, the two-day session provided almost no grounds for optimism. If no more was expected than to give the Federal Cabinet a fuller and more balanced appreciation of the difficulties facing the local authorities, some headway was made. Yet, even by this standard, the conference was disappointing.

In Canada, no machinery exists by which a federal-municipal conference could be called which is properly representative and of manageable size. In only a couple of provinces do we find municipal associations which can claim to speak for all municipalities throughout the province concerned. In most provinces, the field is split between urban and rural organizations. In at least one province, Ontario, there are competing associations. Across Canada, many municipalities are not members of any municipal association. In the circumstances, the Federal Government had to content itself with a conference which was strictly informal.

The one national association is the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities and, for a number of years, it has made an annual submission to the Federal Cabinet. For this reason, the Cabinet's acceptance of the C.F.M.M. as the municipal spokesman was understandable. But the weakness of their position is equally obvious. The C.F.M.M. is not in any real sense a federation of provincial associations. Its membership strength is largely drawn from the more populous urban municipalities. Its contact with rural municipalities is decidedly tenuous. Offsetting this latter shortcoming, however, is the fact that the present acute conditions of municipal financing are mainly attributable to rapid population growth, expanding urbanization and technological change. Hence, the greatest impact is on the spreading urban areas.

Apparently the C.F.M.M. asked to be used as the spokesman for the Canadian municipalities and, when accepted as such, sought to equip itself for the job. It drew in a broader selection of elected representatives than the group which it ordinarily delegates to meet with the Cabinet. A committee of five elected representatives was named to plan for the event and a larger number of advisers were recruited to work with them. The full delegation and the advisers met for two days prior to the conference to go over the formal opening statement which had been drafted earlier and to review plans for the subsequent discussions.

The conference itself was disappointing in several respects. The Prime Minister was absent from the meetings held in camera except for perhaps an hour during the second morning. The time set for the conference found the Minister of Finance out of the country and his place filled by the Acting Minister, the Hon. J. M. Macdonnell. The municipal representatives got off the main theme of finance and spent too much time on problems with which the Dominion Government is directly concerned and on which the C.F.M.M. has made representations year after year — housing, hospital facilities, unemployment problems, extension of the Federal roads programme, revival of a national loan fund to which municipalities would have access through the provinces, exemption of municipal purchases from the Federal sales tax and more adequate payments in lieu of property taxes on crown corporation holdings. The municipal representatives failed to maintain a common front on a number of issues. More important, because their presentation was not well organized, it is doubtful if they succeeded in convincing the Cabinet that their overall financial position is serious now and likely to deteriorate further.

During the sessions, a number of the delegates described the meetings as the first federal-municipal conference. But

to some observers it was merely the Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities back again under somewhat more impressive circumstances than usual. The discussions added very little to what the Federal Cabinet has encountered in meeting previous delegations from the Canadian Federation and from individual cities across the country.

The Conservative election pledge has been worked out, after a fashion. In all likelihood, we must wait for the next Dominion-Provincial Conference to find out whether the recent meetings had any more serious intent.

E. H.

London Notes

September 26. If any date has literary significance for our century it will surely be this one — the birthday of T. S. Eliot. Now he is seventy years old and enjoying, this morning, a round of greetings from the serious press as reviewers benevolently tackle the book of essays, *T. S. Eliot: a Symposium on His Seventieth Birthday*, and report on the first night London showing of his latest play, *The Elder Statesman*. Since all those writing in the book are doing so from a sense of personal involvement and appreciation, it is not a book the reviewers can really quarrel with. What seems significant to me however, is the general lack of enthusiasm for Eliot as a philosopher or as a playwright; and the emphasis on his importance as a poet. As Robert Speaight says, "We had come to imagine that poetry could only be written about things that were generally accepted as 'beautiful' — flowers and trees and highly romantic personal emotions. So when we read for the first time:

The winter evening settles down
With smell of steak in passageways,

— when we read this, we were disconcerted, because these things did not seem to us the proper material for poetry. And if we no longer find the poem in the least difficult or disconcerting, that is a tribute to the degree to which Eliot has transformed our taste" (*The Listener*).

Last night I saw this transformer, this conjurer, sitting in a box at the Cambridge Theatre, watching, with his wife, the performance of *The Elder Statesman*. After the lean morose pictures of Eliot which one has somehow grown used to (as if he were *all* profile) it was something of a shock to see him bland and broad and genial, the expansive, probably cigar-toting figure of a retired banker. Much as Churchill, one feels, would enjoy a show of his own paintings, so Eliot seemed to be enjoying his own play. The audience was polite, attentive, but far from exhilarated.

What is this play, *The Elder Statesman*? In my view it is little more than a conventional drawing-room comedy — without the comedy. It has the didactic theme of an Ibsen, but it lacks the passion. It has some element of Shaw's social satire, but without the wit. In short, it is a dull play creaking on outworn hinges.

The critics will not say this. They are, however, cautious in their praise. A sweeping statement: "the most moving of Mr. Eliot's plays" is not followed up with examples. And how can it be? For the situation (again thinking back to social plays of the later part of the nineteenth century) is commonplace. It recounts the humiliation experienced by a "great" man, Lord Claverton, when forced to realise how far he has fallen short of greatness. Two "ghosts" from his past expose his hidden weaknesses and they form the only sparkle in the play. Counterposed to Lord Claverton are his children: his daughter, all sweetness and light, whose role is to prove to her father that when he reveals his true self — however weak and shabby it may be — the dimensions of her love for him are added to. (She moved to this decision with the greatest of ease); and his son, weakly

portrayed by Alec McCowen. Yet what could any actor do with the few paltry lines, the pat phrases that are expected of a prodigal son? Indeed, the theme of the Prodigal Son might be found to be the real theme of the play, rather than the far-fetched one here mooted, of Oedipus at Colonus. For is not the elder statesman himself a prodigal son, who has used his talents unwisely and been isolated from the father, from love? Seen in this context, the play repeats the idea of salvation through contrition; followed by forgiveness and quick death. It is clearly a theme so ancient, so implicit in all religion, that to do it justice would require a dramatist capable of passion, pity, of sharp wit and intense language. These qualities were evident in Mr. Eliot's early poetry. They are not visible in his later plays.

DOROTHY LIVESAY

Recent Events in France

► THREE OF THE MOST critical weeks in the history of France began on May 13 when the French settlers in Algiers, supported by Generals Salan and Massu in command of 20,000 paratroopers, set up Committees of Public Safety throughout Algeria in defiance of the fourth republic. Mr. Pflimlin's policy of finally putting into effect the electoral law for Algeria went too far for the French settlers.

Massu sent messages to Paris couched in ridiculous terms of 'Moi, Massu . . . ' which demanded the return to power of General de Gaulle. The General became the centre of attention in Paris when he arrived for his weekly visit from Colombey-les-Deux Eglises. He delivered a statement of three short paragraphs to the press saying that he 'was ready to assume the powers of the Republic'. He neither supported nor condemned the insurrection of Algeria.

Pflimlin immediately demanded emergency powers from the Assembly to deal with the critical situation and received the overwhelming majority of 461 to 114. He brought two socialists into the government — Guy Mollet as Vice-president and Jules Moch as Minister of the Interior. All communications were cut with Algeria and Moch took swift action under the far-reaching emergency laws.

The first demonstration in favor of De Gaulle came from young right-wing boys and girls driving cars up the Champs Elysées, honking wildly, with the girls sitting on the car bonnets. Trucks of gendarmes and special police were called in from the provinces: military trucks were parked bumper to bumper under the chestnut trees along the right bank of the Seine, police cars were stationed in the small side streets off the Champs Elysées, motorcyclists went from point to point and two helicopters flew in wide circles over the city. Parisiens were quiet and serious, newspaper stands were sold out within a few minutes morning and evening. Some businessmen were complaining about having to have a visa to leave the country, but it was thought that Moch would be able to keep control of the situation.

Soustelle's escape from Paris the following weekend was a dramatic event. He had been under guard because of FLN threats against his life. Two of his friends engaged the gendarmes patrolling in front of his Paris *apartement* in talk while he slipped out and into the boot of a car waiting for him. He was driven to Switzerland and flown to Algiers where his arrival was announced with a little trepidation. The Committee members were already beginning to have second thoughts as to the wisdom of their course as they met with no support in France.

De Gaulle gave a press conference on his next visit to Paris, declaring in his trumpeting monotone that 'De Gaulle

had no wish at 67 to become a dictator' and until he was called upon by the nation he was going home to his villa. It was a confused week of comings and goings at the Elysée while the Assembly discussed constitutional reform and the Communists urged the Socialists to join them in a Popular Front government to save France from the threat of fascism.

The insurrection in Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, on May 25, instigated and carried out by paratroopers from Algeria, was the final blow to the authority of the Fourth Republic. There were rumors of Committees of Public Safety being organized already in the South of France; rumors that 5,000 paratroopers in civvies were already stationed in Paris hotels, and although Moch revealed later how true this was and the extent of the plans to take Paris, at the time it was rumor only and the people remained apathetic.

The fact was that the left-wing forces in France were disorganized, uninformed and passive in face of the military *coup d'état* — the Socialist and Communist unions called strikes in defense of the Republic on different days and they were hardly responded to at all: of the 23,000 Renault workers, 15,000 of whom vote Communist, only 800 went out on strike. There was only one impressive demonstration of solidarity in defense of the Republic, on May 28, when political leaders of all parties led 300,000 citizens along the broad length of the Boulevard de la République.

However, Pflimlin, Moch and Mollet knew that they could not depend on more than one half of the police forces if paratroopers landed on Paris and they alone at that time knew of the extent of the military preparations against Paris. In face of the seeming lack of popular support in defense of the Republic, they could hardly have chosen any other course than appealing to de Gaulle.

It may in future be a bitter fact that it was principally the Socialist leaders who brought General de Gaulle back to power. Both Vincent Auriol and Guy Mollet wrote letters asking the General to save France from civil war. Mollet was very impressed by his meeting with de Gaulle at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises and it was he who persuaded the General to appear in person before the Assembly on his assumption of power.

Pflimlin resigned as prime minister after receiving a last overwhelming vote of confidence of 408 to 165. Coty sent a message to the Assembly saying 'I have called upon the most illustrious of Frenchmen'. The Fourth Republic was dead, and only remained to be buried by the overwhelming vote on September 28 in favor of the new constitution.

The Constitution of the Fifth Republic gives the President enormous powers. He will be elected by the Senate and Assembly joined by representatives of the municipalities of France. He has the power of dissolving the Assembly. He will make all the principal military and civil service appointments himself, including that of the prime minister. His ministers will resign their posts in the Assembly. The result is that the prime minister has a lot of duties without power and the Assembly becomes little more than a rubber stamp for the plans of the President.

There is no doubt that there is a lot of opposition to it throughout the country in spite of the big majority in the vote on referendum. Five French cardinals have called the constitution a 'Godless document' because the first article reads that 'France is a united, secular, democratic . . . republic.' The big business interests are afraid of the change it may bring in economic affairs. Mitterand, Mendès-France, a big minority in the Socialist party and, of course, the Communists, are actively opposed to the Constitution. It is around these men that an opposition voice must grow

up in France in the next few years if there is ever to be a return to democratic government. With Jacques Soustelle in control of the Ministry of Information the question arises to what degree will the opposition be allowed the means to express itself?

In any case, the Fifth Republic will stand or fall by the ability of the General to solve the Algerian problem and not by constitutional reform alone. If he continues the war against the rebels to the death, it means years of war, more money for reinforcements and material which will weigh on the French economy as it has done in the past, and finally the rebels may simply leave Algeria and continue fighting from Cairo, Tunisia and Morocco. Another alternative — to negotiate directly with the FLN — is hardly possible as he would be attacking the interests of the French settlers and the army in Algeria who brought him to power. A third way of compromise alone is possible. The General does not breathe the word 'integration' very wisely as it means so many things to so many different people. The last news of the failure of the attempted rebellion of the Committee in Algiers in the light of the reforms he announced in his Constantine speech, seem to show that they do not dare oppose his will. The average Frenchman with no axe to grind hopes for a solution which would allow Algeria a measure of independence and reforms without removing French presence and influence.

If General de Gaulle is able to achieve this end he will have rendered a service to his country as great as that he rendered to it during the Second World War.

PATRICIA VAN DER ESCH,

Canadian Calendar

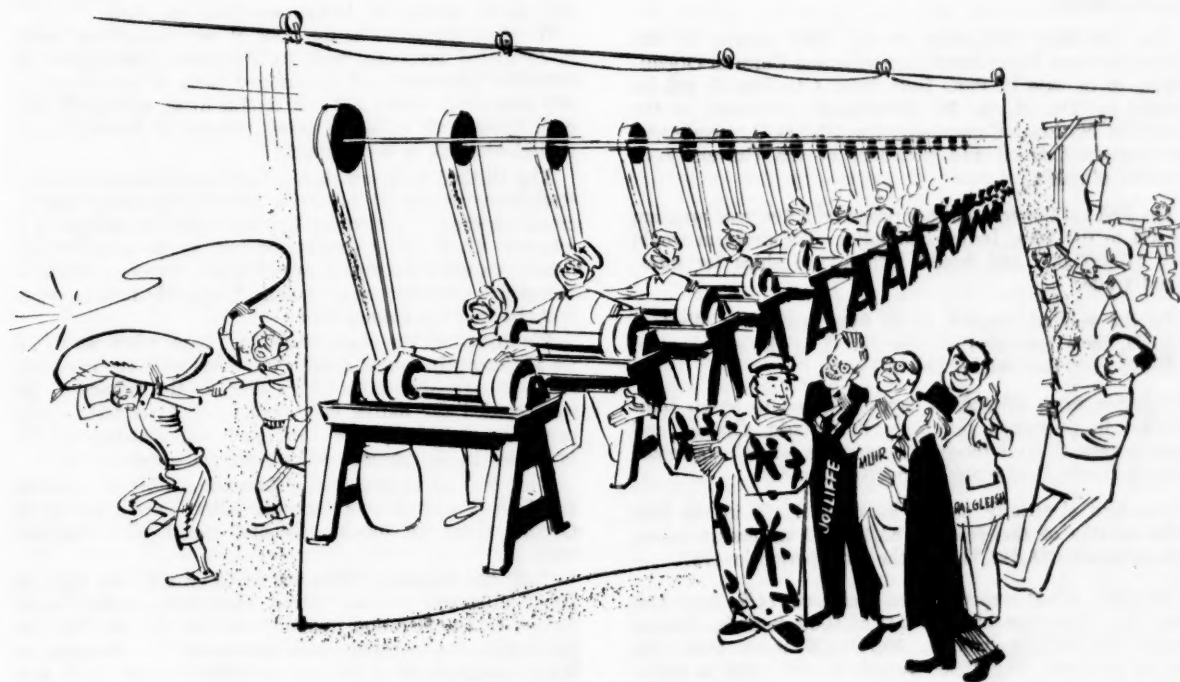
• Canada Council grants: \$403,000 to Mount Allison University at Sackville for men's student residences; \$386,000 for an arts and science building and library addition to United College at Winnipeg; \$30,000 to College St. Jean at Edmonton to help replace a building destroyed by fire.

• The Vancouver Symphony Society was granted \$20,000 for extra concerts; the Edmonton Symphony Society \$10,000 for a youth program and touring concerts; the Ottawa Philharmonic Orchestra received \$2,200 for monthly concerts and free noontime concerts; and the Pro Arte Orchestra Society, Toronto, will get up to \$1,500 for travel costs to small communities.

• Grants to theatre groups: \$8,000 to Les Grands Ballets Canadiens; \$10,000 to Dominion Drama Festival; \$6,000 to Le Cercle Molière, St. Boniface; \$6,000 to the Montreal Repertory Theatre; \$3,400 to Canadian Players for a Newfoundland trip.

• The Alberta Society of Artists was granted \$750 for a summer workshop next year; the Art Institute of Canada \$5,400 for rural exhibitions; the Calgary Allied Arts Council received \$6,500; and the publication *Vie des Arts* was given \$6,000 for enlargement.

• Three professors at European universities were given aid to teach in Canada: Dr. Geoffrey Martin, University of Leicester, for the 1958-59 academic year at Carleton University, Ottawa; Professor Pierre Sage, University of Lyon, and Professor Charles Peguy, University of Rennes,



CHOU — ENLIGHTENMENT

for the second semester of this academic year to lecture at Laval University.

- \$7,800 was granted for a regional library in York County, N.B.; \$1,500 to World University Service for the reception of Canada Council non-resident scholarship winners; the Canadian Agricultural Economics Society at Guelph, Ont. received \$250; La Société Historique du Nouvel Ontario, Sudbury, \$500; and Les Archives de Folklore, Laval University, Quebec City, was granted \$5,000 for the publication and recording of folk songs.

- Travel awards were made to: Professor Peter Glassen of the University of Manitoba, to read a paper at the 12th International Congress of Philosophy in Venice and Padua; Gerald Trottier, Ottawa artist, invited to attend the first international biennial Exhibition of Christian Art in the Oratories of the Salzburg Cathedral, where his painting of The Last Supper was displayed; Richard Mann, Vancouver architect, for a study tour of Germany, Sweden and Denmark sponsored by the magazine *The Canadian Architect*, and for independent study in Italy; and Jacques L'Heureux, Ottawa, for travel to France where he will study the history of law with a French Government scholarship.

- Travel assistance was also granted to Tom Patterson, Louis Applebaum, Michael Langham and Elspeth Hall of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival Foundation for their visit to Moscow at the invitation of the Soviet Government.

- The Council set aside \$30,000 for aid to composers, playwrights and sculptors, to be distributed through other groups.

- On Oct. 1, the day on which Canada House was formally dedicated, Mayor Wagner of New York issued a proclamation establishing Oct. 1 as Canada Welcome Day. Planned as a focal point of Canadian activity in New York, Canada House will house all of the Government's New York offices, except for the UN mission, and also many Canadian business offices.

- The Canadian delegation to the 10th session of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, to be held in Paris from Nov. 4 to Dec. 5, will be headed by Dr. N. A. M. MacKenzie, president of the Canadian National Commission for UNESCO, member of the Canada Council and president of the University of British Columbia.

- The Federal Government has proposed a five-year program for aid to the West Indies Federation. The program would cost \$10,000,000 and would include two ships for inter-island trade.

- To the end of August, 7,120 fires, mainly in Western Canada, have burned 4,891,000 acres; in the same period in 1957, 5,039 fires burned 386,000 acres.

- Eighteen firms alleged to have conspired to lessen competition in pulpwood purchases in Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick have received summonses following a report prepared under the Combines Investigation Act.

- Canadian electricity output increased 7.8% in the first eight months of the year — 63,479,673 megawatt hours, compared with 58,897,515 for the same period in 1957.

- Canada's wheat exports have increased 21% over last year to a five-year high of 315,600,000 bushels. Britain bought 90,300,000 bushels, 10,700,000 more than she bought last year; 23,800,000 bushels were shipped to India, part of it under the Columbo Plan; Russia bought 14,800,-

000 bushels; and Japan, increasing her purchases of Canadian wheat to 38,000,000 bushels, replaced West Germany as Canada's second-best customer.

- Alan Macnaughton, chairman of the House of Commons public accounts committee, will recommend legislation to have future sessions of the committee meet in camera. The meetings of the British public accounts committee, whose work Mr. Macnaughton studied on a recent trip to England, are closed to the press and public, and the findings are made public in periodical reports.

A Canadian in Bangkok

Jean van der Tak

► BANGKOK BANNED "The King and I." It misrepresented them, claimed the proud Thai, this latest Hollywood portrayal of Siam's nineteenth century despot King Mongkut and the English governess. But to Occidental eyes this glittering Oriental capital still retains plenty of the musical comedy, despite growing Western influence.

The Westernization starts at the airport. We flew in at 4 one Sunday morning in January. We had come from Geneva, pausing in Cairo, Karachi, Delhi and Calcutta. The lure of the East had been tarnished for us by the poverty and squalor which discolored the life of each city. Inefficiency, on occasion, had plagued us and fawning attention aroused our suspicions. Bangkok was to restore our enthusiasm.

The administration building at Donmuang was spotless; the ground stewardesses friendly and effective. Our United Nations *laissez-passer* reduced entering formalities to the minimum. The air bus didn't threaten to collapse into a *klong* on our 17-mile drive into the city as the sun rose to outline stilted bamboo huts on the harvested paddy fields, angular suburban houses and the occasional temple. The city, as we entered it, looked scrubbed and lush.

We were deposited at the door of our secondclass hotel. It compared favorably with its European counterparts in amenities provided, and outstripped them in price level — 264 baht a day (some \$13) for double room, admittedly air-conditioned, *not* including meals, service or laundry — a formidable item in the climate.

The all-tiled bathroom was a bathroom-splasher's dream. Recklessly we doused ourselves from the latterday Grecian crock standing in the corner (no hot water but neither is it missed). There was a shower too but, as we soon learned, notwithstanding the abundance of water, water everywhere, Bangkok's uncertain power supply frequently fails to pump it up beyond the ground floor.

We turned off the airconditioning. (Later when we forgot we all promptly caught colds.) Our beds were the mortuary slabs presumably conducive to sleep in the tropics — we were spared the native floor mats — but we fell asleep promptly, lulled by the rock and roll starting up for breakfast in the chrome and plastic restaurant below.

Next day we moved to the Ratanakosin Hotel, grander, firstclass — and cheaper than our newer secondclass hotel. Getting there we fought our first round with Bangkok traffic.

"Just like Highway 400 going north on a Friday night in July," I cursed — only worse. Here temperatures stand forever in the 90's and humidity not far behind. Not unjustifiably, the normally mild-mannered Thai become as beasts uncaged when the rare opening presents itself and rules of the road are improvised by every man for himself.

Bangkok's street system was an afterthought, designed to relieve the canals jumbling in from the river which confines the city to the west. Already 75 years ago, as now, the *klongs* were congested with rice-bearing paddy boats, markets floated upon sampans, water hyacinths and occupants of the houseboats and river houses crowded along the edges, bathing, fishing, idling, brushing teeth and otherwise employing the versatile waterways. Chulalongkorn, Mongkut's Western-oriented son (he had 3000 wives according to Ripley, but he abolished slavery) dictated tree-lined avenues to rival those he had admired in European capitals. But most roads are barely two-laned and further channelled into frequent narrow archways, bridging the canals. At each, Bangkok's expansive postwar traffic is congealed into a classic jam, taxing the good intentions of the wilted young policemen in khaki.

Bangkok has some 15,000 taxi drivers, worthy specimens of the breed. These, however, have extra protection against repercussions from irate clients and monsoon-rotted roads. Streamers of fuchsia chiffon and paper leis propitiate the gods from strategic parts of their speedometerless and shock-absorberless Renaults and Austin station wagons. Thus are they absolved from all personal responsibility.

Taxis also lack metres. Fares are settled by mutual disagreement. As our grasp of Thai was about on a par with our drivers' of English our every trip was doubly adventurous.

Then there are the *samlahs*, tricycle rickshaws (no foot-drawn rickshaws in this relatively prosperous corner of Southeast Asia) — picturesque, treacherous and everywhere. And the buses, equally so, though doubtless less romantic to their sweltering cargo.

Birds chattered through the cavernous lobby of the Ratanakosin and Indonesian children played, happily heedless refugees in transit. The cheerful Indian doorman, his height impressive over that of the native bellboys, suggested, "You go market."

And to market we went, pushing before us in his stroller son Steven, whose blondness instantly attracted a convoy of admirers. Now and then one would reach out to touch him — "for luck". "White" living things are sacred in Thailand, especially the famous white elephant, seat of kings. Young King Phumipol Aduldej has just been ceremoniously presented with his first — really an albino. This, say his loyal subjects, augurs a successful reign, happier than that of his brother, Ananda Mahidol, who was found mysteriously shot in his royal bed 12 years ago.

An oval field faced the hotel. Sweating soccer players tripped over strings pinioning intricate kites, soaring in the hot winds. Soapbox orators were popular in the corners. The market rimmed the edge along a shaded walk.

There was dried fish, piled in paper sheaves, and raw beef feeding the flies; cauliflower and pomelo (like a sweeter grapefruit); potatoes and papaya and ready-roasted ears of corn. Chinese vendors brewed cauldrons of soup over charcoal braziers and rinsed the bowls under a fire hydrant. Suave *Sikhs* offered the inevitable yards of cheap Indian cotton.

Thai girls in vivid *pasins*, waist-high cotton sarongs, and plain overblouses wore scooped, flat-topped "farmer's" hats, earthier versions of the bearer beauties who titillated William Holden and his Canadian companion in "The Bridge on the River Kwai." From shallow baskets slung from a shoulder rod they sold dried chilies and garlic to spice the native food, which is like Chinese food only in appearance; as we singed our palates to discover.

Babies, naked or minutely loin-clothed, were cradled by rather improbable-looking grannies with cropped hair and mouths gory with betelnut stain.

Young girls clutched stiffly starched European skirts to handspan waists, or sported toreador pants. On the prevailing Audrey Hepburnlike frame they looked good.

And woven through the crowds, as they are through the life of the country, were the brilliant saffrons of the robes on the shaven-headed Buddhist monks and the dull hues of the military. Buddhist tenets and hierarchy guide the spiritual life of over 90 percent of the people. The army dominates the parliamentary — "guardian", through successive *coups d'état*, of the "democratic" constitution which replaced absolute monarchy in 1932. Every true Thai boy at some time cloisters himself at least three months in a monastery. Conscription is universal at 19, for two years.

From a classical dance theatre nearby a schoolgirl chorus wailed monotonously over a loudspeaker. And in the distance we could see a white crenelated wall topped by gilded spires and layered red roofs.

This was it. The "Golden City" of Mongkut. One square mile of fairytale setting, the hub of the inspired fancy which radiates out through Bangkok's nearly 400 *wats*, or temples. Somerset Maugham wrote of them, "They are unlike anything in the world; you cannot fix them into the scheme of things you know. It makes you laugh with delight to think that anything so fantastic could exist on this sombre earth."

It began only a century and three-quarters ago when one General Chakri had discreetly removed his royal predecessor and former patron by the prescribed method of royal assassination. King Taksin was slugged on the back of the neck with a sandalwood axe. This obviated the unholy spilling of royal blood. To found his new dynasty, the General, now King Rama I, set up his Krung Deb Ratana-kosindra, "Jewel City of the God Indra", on the eastern shores of the Chao Phya, whose mighty breadth afforded protection against the constantly menacing hordes of Burmese to the west.

The former fishing village, Bangkok, was banished. In its place successive despot kings have fabricated the walled royal city of temples and palaces, shimmering *stupas* and the jewelled ghetto of the harem, now occupied by royal grace-and-favor relatives but still closed to tourists.

Kings come here now only for coronations and cremations but all Bangkok on Sundays flocks to the Wat Pra Kheo in one corner of the walls. Here the royal fancy has exploded into the gayest, shiniest, most ornate pagodas and temples of all, the most golden of tails for Narva, the sacred snake, pinning up the roof corners, the most ferocious of demons and benign of cows, borrowed from the Hindus, the sweetest of tiny temple bells. For here in the central temple is enthroned the Emerald Buddha, the "palladium" of Thailand. Rather unassuming after the exotic buildup, this two-foot Buddha was carved from greenish jasper 2000 years ago somewhere in North India. Kings had fought for it through much of Asia and temples had bartered until it was enshrined at his new capital by Rama I to become the most sacred symbol of the nation.

Across the street the first King Rama began the Wat Po, whose mammoth crowning glory was added by Rama III — a gilded reclining Buddha, 165 feet long and 45 feet high, whose enormous upturned soles are inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A temple fits close around.

Across the river the hapless King Taksin had earlier built the Wat Arun, "Temple of the Dawn", to commemorate his safe arrival there one dawn in 1767 after his flight from the Burmese who had sacked Ayuthya, the ancient capital to the north. Its soaring silhouette is to Bangkok what the Eiffel Tower's — which it rather resembles — is to Paris. It is studded with a thousand broken cups and saucers mortared into flowers.

Around every corner, at the end of every shadowed market lane, one comes upon them. Their courtyards are quiet contrasts to the riot of their rooftops above the walls and the din of the city outside.

Into this mixed fantasy we have settled for two years, joining the few shifting thousands of Westerners (in a population of over a million) who have come to advise the army, supervise road-building in the north, sell pepsi-cola and spread the gospel of the United Nations. Our California-style frame house boasts a hi-fi set, a chartreuse Frigidaire and split levels. Over the compound walls there are scruffy vacant lots and mud lanes, not unlike a proper Canadian suburban development. But there are banana palms and flame-of-the-forest in the garden and a pond where lotus jostle the pomelo peels. The odd water buffalo strolls by from time to time and in the early mornings monks make the rounds with begging bowls, seeking their daily food from our pious neighbors.

Our Vietnamese cook speaks French and English and specializes in Southern fried chicken and chocolate cake. The corner drug store sells Revlon lipstick and *Time*. The Chinese groceryman counts with an abacus and displays Heinz baby food and Dutch Klim and Carnation Evaporated Milk, refuting the milk-conscious American mother who claimed, "The babies are practically weaned to pepsi."

There are irritations. All night the pariah-dogs howl — Buddhism forbids the destruction of life, thus permitting nature its uninhibited course — mosquitoes (now happily non-malarial) swarm, ants crawl and baby lizards prowl. It's hot and our "automatic" German water pump baffles the team of experts that comes almost daily to adjust it.

But discordances have no place in a musical comedy. Against mosquitoes we use Sketolene, the local miracle repellent (thoughtful hostesses provide it with the cocktails.) To cool off we go to the movies, airconditioned palaces with Ava Gardner, Burt Lancaster, et al, emblazoned gigantically and amorously over the entrances, spouting slogans in Thai. Or we use the pool of the Royal Bangkok Sports Club, Bangkok version of the traditional colonial club, but here without color bar. For water we can always resort to the Grecian crock in the corner.

And when all else fails there remains the standard retort of these genial people, "Mai pen rai" — "never mind."

Five Buck Bet

Ruth Chessman

► HARVEY GIVES ME an hour for lunch. I eat mine in the office, and he goes out to a restaurant. That's okay by me, because I'm finicky about what I look at while I eat.

One noontime a guy comes in. Around here in the wholesale shoe district, mostly it's peddlers who drop in during lunchtime—selling neckties and so forth. If they carry that little case, I always stop them before they begin. This guy, though, he didn't have a case or nothing. What he did have, he had a real cheery smile, I took to him. He looked like he had a couple of well-scrubbed kids and a loving wife at home.

Before I could have headed him off anyway he says, "I'll give you a chance to win five dollars, son." That was funny, too, him calling me son. He couldn't have been more than maybe thirty.

So I says, "if it's honest, bud, it won't happen to me."

He didn't say nothing else. He had this stick, about nine inches long it was, that he took out of his jacket pocket. I didn't notice it, but he had it there all the time. It was a

skinny little stick with a paper propeller on it. That's all it was, just a plain wooden stick except for that bit of paper on the end of it.

He rubbed this stick with a smaller stick he pulled out of his pocket, and pretty soon the paper propeller started to chase around real fast. This little guy was a comic, too, but in a nice way, not like Harvey. He kept talking to the propeller. He called it Charley, and he kept saying, "Go left, Charley, go left." Charley kept going left.

Then all of a sudden he said, "Go right, Charley, go right." So Charley turned to the right, and started to whirl around real fast. Then he looked up at me and said, "Stop short and don't move, Charley!" Sure enough, the propeller stopped right in its tracks and didn't move.

Then he handed the outfit to me and said, "I'll give you five bucks if you can do what I just did." He pulled out a new five dollar bill and laid it on the desk.

I took the stick and looked all over it. It was just a plain wooden stick, square, with some little grooves marked along one of the corners to make a kind of clicking noise when you rubbed it with the other stick. The propeller was held on by a steel screw, and it had a steel bushing in the hole. I looked all over it for buttons to press or something like that, and there wasn't a thing. And of course when I rubbed it, nothing happened. The propeller just lay there like a limp shoelace.

Naturally I wasn't going to talk to it, or call it Charley or anything. I'd have felt foolish. So then this guy takes it back and does his tricks all over again. I asked him what the story was, and he says, cagey-like, "If I tell you, will you buy one? They only cost two bits."

I said, "Sure," and I figured, why not, my sister's kid would have a ball. He took his five dollar bill back and stuck it in his wallet. Then he told me the gadget was run by static electricity. He showed me what to do. You had to stick your index finger out so it touched the wood stick while you were rubbing away with the little stick, and then Charley would go left because that's the way the electricity works in your index finger. To make Charley go right, you lift the index finger and contact the thumb. You can't prove nothing by me, all I know for sure is, when you did like that, Charley behaved like he was supposed to. The payoff is, when you contact both thumb and index finger, you get a short circuit, and Charley stops in his tracks. Isn't that something, though? Only I wish I'd never seen Charley, either that or that I'd never laid eyes on Harvey.

Well, anyway I handed over my quarter and the guy went out into the hall where he'd left his bag and brought one back to me. I started racing Charley around, and this guy hung around a while and kibitzed and told me how I could make some spare change by betting guys they couldn't make Charley obey orders.

He was a great little guy, and I'll tell you something, I bet you'd have liked him too. I bet nights he's a real family man. The kind of guy, you know, who walks around with a hammer in one hand and loose tacks in the other, trying to make his house look better. You know how sometimes you get an idea about a guy.

He showed me one gag that was a natural. He said when you were holding the stick, just before you made the bet that the other fellow couldn't make Charley turn, it was a good idea to kind of rub one end of the stick into the palm of your hand. Get it? That didn't help at all, but the guy would think that was the trick. It would make them more anxious to bet, and then they'd practically dig a hole into the palm of one hand, trying to make Charley turn that way.

After I had the hang of it, he left. I hope he never remembers me, because if he does, and if he can add two

and two, he won't remember me with kindness. About half a minute after he left, Harvey came back from lunch, so I showed it to him, and tried that trick about rubbing it against my palm. I took Harvey for a quarter, and maybe he didn't squeal about paying off.

Then I showed him how it worked, and told him about the little guy coming in and laying the five bucks in my lap if I could do the trick.

Harvey looked at me for a while out of his weasel-eyes, and then he said, "I wonder if he'd really of given you the five bucks if you'd won."

I told him of course I'd of got it. That nice little guy wouldn't welch. But leave it to Harvey to figure it that way.

Well, my boss Harvey went out for about twenty minutes, and when he came back he was whistling, and he showed me a new five-dollar bill.

"I got it from the little guy," he said. "I figured out about where he'd be, if he was working the street, and sure enough when I went to the barber's, there he was. Just like you said, too. Brother, was he a pigeon! He was showing his five bucks around, and his stick, and challenging. Jeez. I thought I'd bust, not laughing."

"I bet," I said.

"So I went over to a chair and sat down like I wasn't interested, and then he offered me the five bucks if I could work it. So I did."

He took out his wallet with the zipper on it, and unzipped the billfold, and put in the bill, and then zipped it back tight and stuck it in his pocket.

"Geez, did that little guy look sick," he said.

"I bet," I told him, and I took Charley and broke it into little pieces and threw it into my basket.

Dust On My Tree

Janet E. Green

► I MUST LOOK at anything . . . but not at him. Flakes from the pastry at which he nibbles fall upon the cloth. They settle there like the petals of a full blossom touching the earth.

"More coffee?"

He does not answer and his eyes register no sign of emotion. I draw my brows together harshly and frown, rebuking myself for forgetting his disability so quickly.

I stare at the crumbs on the cloth and I muse. They remind me of many things and my imagination tints them with fantasies so that I see them in turn as wood shavings upon a blue church carpet and then as husks of grain scattered over a field.

I force myself to look at him and I pick up the plate of pastries and hand them to him, touching his arm with my free hand so that he will notice what I do. He raises an eyebrow as though asking my permission before he takes anything and I compel myself to nod my head as he stretches out a grime-encrusted hand. Feeling repulsion, I put down the plate.

The cloth is creased. I stare at it. God, why do I act so impulsively? What else could I have done but ask him to share my coffee with me . . . mimicking with my hands and head like a tousled bird whilst he patiently handed me the card stating "DEAF MUTE. WILL DO ODD WORK" and stood by like a docile animal.

Poor devil. I turn my face and force a smile. His yellow skin hangs in folds around his mouth and is loose under his hollowed cheeks. His mouth! It magnetizes me . . . it quivers as the lips part and let the stained teeth close upon the pastry and he makes an odd noise as he munches . . . like a dog; a dog gnawing a bone until saliva engulfs his jaw-

bone — only the saliva forms small globules which cling to his lower lip and shake as he takes another bite. God . . . I feel embarrassed and nauseated. I turn my head away.

My eyes peer through the window. The old tree struggling again with its load. The fruit hangs in small clusters on the boughs and is green. No . . . not entirely, here and there are some knots of the greengages bearing a yellow hint of ripening. The leaves nuzzle one another . . . a dull green. The crop is good. I could . . . could I? No. I could not tolerate his presence for a full day in the garden. Anyway, there is only a few hours work there. Possibly less.

I sense that he watches me and I turn to look at him but his gaze focuses upon the tree. I wonder if he reads my thoughts and I feel the blood rush to my cheeks. Globules of saliva still swing from his lip. A crumb sticks to his chin.

Get up, God, there is no reason to be nauseated. Do something. I arise from the chair and fill the coffee pot. He watches my every movement now. He smiles as I bend over him to fill his cup and I force a grotesque grin feeling it painful to flex my face muscles or lips. Try to look pleasant. He points to the card. I nod my head . . . no . . . no. Try to look sympathetic . . . I nod again and purse my lips but I feel like screaming.

He lifts his cup and begins to drink. No feeling etches upon his face. He swallows his beverage, his tongue lapping against it, and the noise repels me. I put one hand under the table edge and scrape it against the wood so that my skin is pinched and I twist my lips hard but I do not feel so sick now.

He puts down his cup and stands up. He looks me straight in the face. Mockingly? He shrugs his shoulders. I rush — almost too hastily to the door and slam it upon him as he goes out. I lean against it and then drag myself to the window practically sobbing.

His presence contaminates my room. I force myself to fumble with the window catch and fling the window wide open until the fresh air mingles with the musty. I lean out of the window and soak my nostrils in pure air. The old tree winks at me and I find the need to go out.

I walk down the garden and touch the tree's bark, letting my hands caress the rough wood. I pick a leaf. I feel better now and I stare down at the leaf. Dust coats its veins, just a thin layer of dust. I walk around the tree taking mental note of the fruit. Hardly any work for me let alone . . . poor devil.

I walk inside the house. I think of him and try to force my mind to think of Summer and Spring but I think only of succulency of fruit . . . and of him.

Poor devil. Poor wretch. I suddenly need him. I rush to the door and run out. The fruit. He could stay a day. I begin to run over the cobbled pathway and the sharp edges of flint pierce through my houseshoes. I run down the road and curse the sharp stones. He must be there. He can be no further than the end of the road. I reach the corner and stand there for a second panting and trying to regain my breath. I see the silhouette of a man cast upon the dirty windows of a store on the far side of the road and I run again, grateful to this new burst of energy. I reach the store and catch my breath. It is not he.

There is no one down the road. The poplar trees flank the paths and they cast imaginary figures upon the road . . . gloomy, dull shadows. I make my way slowly back to my house. My breath is uneven and I am exhausted. The gate seems to be an iron barrier but I manage to open it cursing it for blowing shut and catching my skirt in it as I wend my way through. I re-open it and at last I am stumbling down the pathway and am home. I am inside the house and I fall upon a chair and stare down at the table cloth. The pastry crumbs are there. I seize it and stagger to the

doorway and begin to shake it like a greyhound tossing a kitten. Like a demented soul I hear a groan and realize I am hysterical. I shake the cloth more slowly and the crumbs fall to the ground still. I look down at the earth. They are blossom petals falling upon the ground, I tell you . . . greengage blossoms.

Six Poems

Irving Layton

Divinity

Were I a clumsy poet
I'd compare you to Helen;
Ransack the mythologies
Greek, Chinese, and Persian

For a goddess vehement
And slim; one with form as fair.
Yet find none. O, Love, you are
Lithe as a Jew peddler

And full of grace. Such lightness
Is in your step, instruments
I keep for the beholder
To prove you walk, not dance.

Merely to touch you is fire
In my head; my hair becomes
A burning bush. When you speak,
Like Moses I am dumb

With marvelling, or like him
I stutter with pride and fear:
I hold, Love, divinity
In my changed face and hair.

The Warm Afterdark

And leaving the city for the country
and man's ungovernable appetite
for malice and his evil wit,
I am more at home among dead moles,
twigs and fallen pinecones
strewn like the hard pellets of goatdung;
or where my wet limbs can not be seen
when under the firtrees I sit out the rain.

There think how the mindless rain
will spill me into the sands of the road
or disperse beneath portentous skies
all men's images of wisdom and good;
and that large recurring image
of fields withdrawing from the sun
when leaves and blossoms blurred
into the stitchless color of black
and you, Love, exclaimed:
The warm afterdark, this is the sweetness of love
This is the sweetness of fame.

Love is an Irrefutable Fire

The self-effacement of the dead.
These logs, stiff
And as if mute with embarrassment;
Eager to be gone, to be fire and sun.
But this, this is mortification.

And the lightning-blasted trees,
The fires blown out;
Even their sad hauteur is absurd
and does not please;
The twigs, accusatory fingers in the air
Or smirking like a wife's infidelities.

The moon alone is lucid
And its circle perfect, needing
No intervention of lake-created
Cloud.

As does the living sun.
But beauty to be beauty
Should be flawed
not dead;

So I, a formal creature
Of fiery flesh and bone
declare
Streetlamps are the exact circuit of despair
For light imprisoned in the black air.

And only love is truly perfect, a fire still,
And though partial from excess of joy
nevertheless, like genius, irrefutable.

Young Girls Dancing at Camp Lajoie

Through the rainspecked windowpane
I watch them wind their shiny gramophone;
The flies, trite and noxious as humans,
I lunge out at when I can.

And some I slay. Those I can't
May get around my flailing fist for now
And stuff my ears with momentary rant,
But not December's crate of snow.

I have with aching fingers,
Heart moved and green, touched men more gently:
Alas, a buzz of soiling laughter
Lies mined behind each docile eye.

There at the pool's black margin
I thought of Nietzsche's *No more great events*;
Now watching these Catholic girls spin
I see with a fine clairvoyance

Not gold, not gold, Lord Timon,
But medallions swivelling with heated breasts
Shall level old and splendid kingdoms
And fell two thousand years of Christ.

For Mao Tse Tung: A Meditation on Flies and Kings

So, circling about my head, a fly.
Haloes of frantic monotone.
Then a smudge of blood smoking
On my fingers, let Jesus and Buddha cry.

Is theirs the way? Forgiveness of hurt?
Leprosariums? Perhaps. But I
Am burning flesh and bone,
An indifferent creature between
Cloud and a stone;
Smash insects with my boot,
Feast on torn flowers, deride
The nonillion bushes by the road
(Their patience is very great.)
Jivatma, they endure,
Endure and proliferate.

And the meek-browed and poor
In their solid tenements
(Etiolated, they do not dance.)
Worry of priest and of commissar.
None may re-create them who are
Lowly and universal as the moss
Or like vegetation the winds toss
Sweeping to the open lake and sky.
I put down these words in blood
And would not be misunderstood:
They have their Christs and their legends
And out of their pocks and ailments
Weave dear enchantments—
Poet and dictator, you are as alien as I.
On this remote and classic lake
Only the lapsing of the water can I hear
And the cold wind through the sumac.
The moneyed and their sunburnt children
Swarm other shores. Here is ecstasy,
The sun's outline made lucid
By each lacustral cloud
And man naked with mystery.
They dance best who dance with desire,
Who lifting feet of fire from fire
Weave before they lie down
A red carpet for the sun.
I pity the meek in their religious cages
And flee them; and flee
The universal sodality
Of joy-haters, joy-destroyers
(O Schiller, wine-drunk and silly!)
The sufferers and their thick rages;
Enter this tragic forest where the trees
Uprear as if for the graves of men,
All function and desire to offend
With themselves finally done;
And mark the dark pines farther on,
The sun's fires touching them at will,
Motionless like silent khans
Mourning serene and terrible
Their Lord entombed in the blazing hill.

My Flesh Comfortless

My flesh comfortless with insect bites, sweat,
I lie stretched out on my couch of grass;
Chipmunks break like flames from the bleak earth.

And the sun's golden scarabs on the surface
Are aimless, nameless, scintillant;
Unmoving, or darting into pools

Of dark, their brightness gone. But the frog sits
And stares at my writing hand, his eyes
A guttersnipe's, leering. Or lecherous

As though an underworld savvy swelled
Those heavy-lidded eyes, xanthic beads,
They're desolation's self-mockery,

Its golden silence. Vacancy expressed,
Stressed by unblinking eye, fulvid lid.
And this vile emptiness encloses

Makes me too its rapt pupil. I goggle
At the quiet leaper, wondering
Will he rise up slim fairytale prince

At the first thundercrack. Will flash reveal
The universal lover, my Jack
Of hearts? A royal maniac raving,

Whirlwind's tongue, desolation's lung? Or flung
At the edge of this drear pool — mansoul,
Privity of evil, world's wrong, dung;

A cry heard and unheard, merest bubble
Under the legs of fallow beetles?
O, Love, enclose me in your cold bead

O lift me like a vine-leaf on the vine;
In community of soil and sun
Let me not taste this desolation

But hear roar and pour of waters unseen
In mountains that parallel my road—
Sun vaulting gold against their brightest green!

Record Review

► THE NEAREST THING to a Mozart produced by the 17th century was undoubtedly Henry Purcell. Born almost exactly a century apart, the similarity extends from the versatility of their genius to careers eclipsed by early death; Purcell's span was less than a year longer than Mozart's.

The direction their contributions took, however, was almost at right angles. Mozart was the last word on the 18th century, but heralded little that was to come. Purcell lived during the transition from Golden Age vocal splendor to instrumental polyphony, and innovation and hints of the succeeding century abound in his work — to such an extent, indeed, that in Tovey's extreme opinion "hardly a single work has any coherence as a whole."

On the retirement of his teacher, Dr. John Blow, Purcell was appointed to the most impressive post for the country's musicians, organist at Westminster Abbey, soon after his twenty-second birthday. Two years earlier he had completed his first outstanding work, the overture and masque for a new version of "Timon of Athens." And even before that, Shadwell's dull play, "The Libertine," had had the distinc-

tion of music by Purcell, to become the first setting and direct ancestor of "Don Giovanni." Anyone who has heard of Purcell must have endured at some time or other that most popular selection of girls' school choirs, "Nymphs and Shepherds," certainly the best known work from both Purcell and "The Libertine."

For the next six years after his appointment Purcell composed almost entirely for the Church, and his anthems show the influence of his work for the stage. One of the greatest of these is the anthem composed for the coronation of James II and is characteristic in its alternating but ingenious polyphony (a form later used extensively by Mozart in his sacred music). Perhaps the most remarkable feature of these works is the use of the "ground", a technical device employing a bass melody repeated over and over again to the accompaniment of a constantly changing treble melody and harmony.

In much the same style were his odes and songs of welcome addressed for various functions to the court. They were "the direct forerunners of the secular cantatas Bach wrote for various festivities." The best known of these are the four Odes for St. Cecilia's Day, the great English festival in honor of music, and the birthday odes and funeral music for Queen Mary.

In his instrumental works Purcell was among the first composers for the modern violin, at that time replacing the venerable viol. In his "fantasias", i.e. sonatas, for three parts (two violins and string bass, accompanied by harpsichord) the later string quartet form is clearly visible. And his songs are worthy successors to the great English madrigal school, being unsurpassed by Italian masters of the same century.

This year, the tercentenary of the composer's birth, provides the occasion for a two-disc album from Bach Guild,¹ containing "the most celebrated songs, sacred airs and concerted pieces for strings and harpsichord." The most prominent and most active performer in these pieces is the English counter-tenor, Alfred Deller. The scholarly approach and scrupulous technique of Mr. Deller is unmistakable, in selections which the composer, as a performer in the same vocal range, probably sang himself. But one wonders if Mr. Deller's style, so delicate and refined, is the proper approach to music composed for the full-blooded entertainments of the Restoration court. It has a lack of vitality which one cannot well reconcile with the work of Dryden and Wycherley. Especially is this noticeable after hearing Mr. Deller's American rival, Russell Oberlin, at the Stratford concerts this past summer. Mr. Oberlin showed that the counter-tenor can retain the fervour and passion of the true tenor even when soaring far above the normal male range. This is not evident in these performances by Mr. Deller.

The other instrumental and vocal pieces, approximately half the album, range from a hornpipe to the anthem for solo soprano, "Tell Me, Some Pitying Angel." Some of these selections have appeared on other recordings too numerous to list here, but much of the material is here on records for the first time. The two discs are a representative and welcome sampling of Purcell's more intimate works.

A recent Angel release,² in contrast to the Bach Guild, gives us one of Purcell's full-scale works for combined choral and instrumental groups. A British ensemble under

the direction of Geraint Jones performs magnificently in this first recording of the work which attended Purcell's own funeral, later in the same year in which he had composed it for Queen Mary's. There are five parts, two unaccompanied choral anthems separated by an introduction, canzona and final march scored for four trombones and percussion. The sombre counterpoint of the anthems contrasts with the gala ring of the brass to produce a stately elegy, true to the occasion. Possibly the latter part of the second anthem in this performance is too hushed to be clearly audible, but otherwise the recording is excellent.

On the reverse side of the Angel disc is Bach's "Magnificat in D," performed by the same group. It is the later version, revised by Bach, with four sections deleted which were included in the first few performances. The soloists are all first-rate, unlike some of the other versions now on records, but the over-all effect is not as good as it should be. It is not an incompetent performance, nor is it as fine as a couple of the five other recordings of the Magnificat now available.

H. C. FRANCIS

Film Review

► THE DEVIL'S GENERAL, a very popular film in its native West Germany, is supposed to be based on the true story of Ernst Udet, a Luftwaffe hero of the first war who became a Colonel-general under Goering and died mysteriously in a test air crash. The General of the film is an old air force man who compromises with Hitler's boys so long as they do not bother him but bristles when the SS starts infiltrating his corps. His careless irreverence about the fuhrer earns him solitary confinement which opens his eyes. He discovers an anti-Nazi saboteur on his staff who is passing faulty equipment and accuses him of the deaths of the pilots who had tested the planes. The man retorts, "Your hesitation, your standing for it, are responsible for millions of lives." This states what the general himself feels, and he admits, "When you have been the devil's general on earth and helped make his success, you have to go to hell before him." With that he eludes the gestapo and crashes a plane into the aerodrome.

This is apparently the closest the West Germans have come to a statement of guilt and responsibility in recent films. Unfortunately it is almost cancelled out by the attractiveness of the star, Curt Jergens, in his dashing uniforms, and the posh life of the supermen élite which makes up much of the film. It must be admitted that there is something virile, vital, and savagely splendid about these men and their militaristic myths. Must sadism always follow in their wake? It is no wonder that the Germans have not resolved the dilemma in their own minds. One can only wonder where North Americans stand in view of the crowds which attended that do-good aberration *The Young Lions*. The magnet was Marlon Brando in a Nazi uniform. Shades of *The Wild One* and its implicit superman myth. Substitute motorcycles for planes free in the skies and all the details (the ominous black leather paraphernalia, the gang with its mystically powerful egocentric leader played by Brando, the detachment from women) and they form a pretty good picture of a Hitler youth squad. The other side of the cult of the slob is not so pleasant.

German crowds have been pouring into *A Time to Love, A Time to Die*. The love story and the hero, John Gavin, are gooey Americans, but on the secondary level German casting and certain aspects of the melodramatic story have a ring of authenticity. There are vivid scenes on the Russian front and suggestions of all the impossible chaos of motives and reactions in a Germany losing the war and uncertain of

¹PURCELL: Vocal and Instrumental Selections; Alfred Deller, April Cantelo, Maurice Bevan, George Malcolm and the Baroque Chamber Players. Bach Guild 570/1.

²PURCELL: Music for the Funeral of Queen Mary, and BACH: Magnificat in D; Geraint Jones Singers and Orchestra. Angel 45027.

what is going on. The heroine's plaintive statement, "Maybe in our dreams we will find a place where people won't hate us and won't ask our nationality," expresses the unbearable idea of being loathed by the world. Erich Maria Remarque's flat statement to his countrymen is that "We are responsible to God for all that happens here" and "it (the war) must be lost before our country can regain its soul." Attention is again drawn to national guilt, a very hard pill to swallow. A Nazi, friend of concentration camp commanders, admonishes the hero who has fought guerillas, "So you've shot civilians? You're one of us." However there is no remorse in these films.

For American Teutons at war, see *The Hunters*, a picture apt to test your sense of humor. It is based on the assumption that Robert Mitchum is "pure in heart", and that American jet pilots can throw around their planes like crash-happy hot-rodgers. During combat everything stops when a buddy is shot down. Well, he is not a "buddy" exactly. The hero lusts after his wife and the wife has asked the hero to "look after" this depressing character, her husband, a man the air force does not need. So you see, when he crashes, Mitchum crashlands his plane to rescue him. Things get a little tough for these intrepid souls since there are quite a few "Reds" running around, so another buddy crashlands his plane to rescue them. And so on. They get medals. Wife gets husband. The jets go poof, poof, poof and another red Korean bites the dust. It is very consoling to think that the Americans cherish fairy-tales that place such a high value on the life of one's comrade. But the accompanying stereotypes, the utter lack of self-discipline, indeed the lack of discipline in any form, nourish the gnawing distrust of the American military mind.

More pertinent to current mood is the filmed version of *The Naked and the Dead* which the Americans have thrown into the celluloid fray. Raoul Walsh has achieved an atmosphere of overpowering viciousness and subhuman brutality in this study of poor white trash at war. The powerful musical score accelerates the terrific pace and rush of evil scene with which the film begins, but this soon dissipates when argument commences. The total impression is of vileness, but the film captures Norman Mailer's misogyny better than a hatred of war. It ends in pap. The bad guy is shot in the back, the general is humiliated, and the lieutenant, a man of dubious moral fibre, declares for no evident reason, "There's a spirit in man that will survive the terrors of war. Man cannot achieve the authority of God."

Most off-beat and best evidence of our blunted acceptance of war, is a black farce called *Imitation General*. Deplored on all sides for its mixture of comedy and actual warfare (critics who cannot laugh at death cannot conceive of laughing despite it—the lot of the common soldier), it has the true smack of a humorous story told by an old campaigner. When a general is killed, his aide (played by Glenn Ford) impersonates him in order to keep up morale during a tank attack. One moment the Germans open the hatches of their tanks in order to carry on a conversation (which threw the German immigrants in the audience into a fit of laughter) and the next moment they are blown up by Ford's resourceful scheme of dropping grenades inside and holding the lids shut. It is too cruel, too vivid an illustration of the distortion of human values and the cheapness of human life in combat, too uncomfortable for words. While the mood of the film is clearly that war is a bad joke, that "nothing makes sense", it is nullified not by the comedy, which reaches excellence in some scenes, but by the martial air and businesslike "job to be done" approach. Ford is glad to give up his deception and return to "a rank where

men don't die and countries don't fall" because of his leadership.

The poignant is again mixed with the ridiculous in *Me and the Colonel*. An arrogant Polish colonel and resilient Polish Jew fleeing from the Nazis together, rub each other like sandpaper. The conflict of personality and culture is the stuff of savage comedy, and Curt Jergens is most successful at it for he is not afraid of a little bombast nor of portraying an amiable fool. Danny Kaye plays Jacobowsky thinly and self-consciously, in a tone as coy as the title, straining to be likeable rather than to act.

Personal heroics and clever escapes have figured too frequently in recent British films. *Dunkirk* takes a long languid look at one of their defeats and the unheroic petty muck of war. Slowly paced, and gracelessly put together, it sticks to the "little man's" reaction to the beginning of war and first defeat. Unfortunately the "little" viewpoint is not sufficiently engrossing for a two and a half hour movie, although the tens of thousands of men being strafed on the beaches with nowhere to run for cover is unforgettable. What a muddle. It is clear why the British grumble after seeing those docile soldiers queue in the sea for boats. The film ends with a speech as movies used to during the war. The "lest we forget" gist is that Dunkirk had a purpose for it united civilian and soldier and made the nation whole. The message is "Be prepared."

That war is murder is stated most unequivocally in Anthony Asquith's *Orders to Kill*, a first-rate film that just fails to be superlative. The direction seems torn between documentary thoroughness that is unnecessarily explicit, and a dramatic structure which is theatrical and literary rather than good cinema. The result is an intellectually convincing movie which fritters away emotional impact. Although he is very good, Paul Massie's sensitive face is another factor which neither director nor actor has used to best advantage, for there remains something too diffuse about the character. A tighter script and more control were needed. Too long and too slow, the movie still attains harrowing grandeur at moments. With bloodied hands the distraught assassin tries to bury his victim's money beneath a cemetery stone. The image is charged. Here is Raskolnikov again, almost deranged, hiding the old woman's ear-rings after butchering her.

JOAN FOX

Landlubber

Neither monotonous nor colloquial
(Though I thought it both)
The sea spilled its waves
In perpetual equity.

I thought it nobody,
Vast waters of unrest and rest,
But was told it was God
And a grave for our sorrow.

It was sexual, they said,
And its night rhythms
Blackened red blood
And remorselessly bred bastards.

Gullible I, tide weary,
Long at the oars, unfathoming,
I drank the salt water
And went crazy.

John Porter Heymann

The Tolerant Philistine

If behind that toothpaste grin,
one eyeball one way, one the other,
there's an adding-machine going tick-bang, click-clang:
if he'd amputate his mother's wedding-ring finger
for the price of a girly show:

tolerate it, brother,
tolerate it.
Realize he's human.

And this man makes his wife
a dunghill to crow on;
his 'damn's', 'you did's', and 'you didn't's',
a fist-full of small flies
eternally at her eyelids:

tolerate it, brother,
tolerate it.
Realize he's human.

If it's all strictly for vultures,
a few smart operators, more cheerful idiots,
and the rest living in a flaccid paroxysm;
its morals and LIFE editorials
a recitation for laughing hyenas:

tolerate it, brother,
tolerate it.
Realize they're human.

But if a student calls Premier Duplicity
a truthful name; if some pickets
hopped up on coffee and empty stomachs
squash a scab; if the man on the wreck
spits back:

never tolerate that!
Why such tolerance could upset
your whole system of tolerance.

Milton Acorn

The Man Who Made the Rain Stop

Franz Liszt dizzied the moonlight
And made the rain stop on his piano.
He played love songs and his concertos
Were yellow leopards singing after
They had been fed.

Art is not a matter of joy;
Franz had no joy in his heart,
Only laughter, the laughter that turns
To grief after spring runs down
On wooden legs.

It was a race with fantasy.
Life and death, white keys and black,
But most of the time he heard angels
On the keys . . . and he could make rain stop
When he played . . .

Marion Schoeberlein

No Sailing Ships

No vessel, anchors down, hawsers chafing at
The mooring-post
Rides at the rotting
Wharf.

Steel-dark water and ropy kelp
Sucks and swouches
Round its barnacled piles.

No sail flings out in amber twilight,
Brisk wind at dawn
Or creak of taut-hauled rigging
Blends
With sailors' song —
No foaming surf in blackening night
Whitens the wind-ship's
Prow.

But often the story of sailing-ships
Is talked about
In the harbour of Tracadie —
And I see men hewing logs of oak and pine
For keels and masts and painted
Figure heads;
Salt-sea skippers straining at block-and-tackle
Hear them shout
As they hoist their christened ships
On the tide at the busy wharf.
Crammed full of timber till their bellies
Level with the water-line,
I see them heave-up anchor for the — Caribbean.

Then I walk again by the rotting
Wharf
Where slimy sea-weed claws at its
Barnacled piles.

Mary Weekes

Two Sonnets from the Portages

STORM OVER NIPISSING

The west wind smells of distances and pine.
The echo of its seething through the trees
Sweeps swiftly out across the lake. My knees
Ache as I keep the light canoe in line.
The eastward waves are breaking into bloom,
And all of them fling garlands as they race,
The wet green leaves dissolving on my face,
Mocking my presence where there is no room.
Inconsequential as a single tree
Among the millions lurching in its wake,
I bend before the storm's enormity,
Rooting survival in the strokes I take.
At long last, grounding on the gray-brown sand,
I grow in stature as I touch the land.

AT CROSS LAKES

I find a consummation in the arc
My silver lure describes before it thunks
Into the lake between the land-lost trunks
Of two drowned trees which are my casting mark.
The lure winks as it wobbles toward the boat;
Its measured throb against the tightened line
Invades the blood that is not wholly mine,
Matches the pulsing in my tightened throat.
Out of the sunken trees a northern pike,
Green-muscled, slick as water-sculptured stone,
Smashes the silver bait with slashing strike,
Consumed with savagery not mine alone.
I set the hook, and the great fish is mine —
Until he flares in foam and snaps the line.

Richard Curry Esler

Correspondence

The Editor:

I was interested in Professor Beattie's review of Dr. Pacey's "Ten Canadian Poets," in your June issue as I have written about three of the poets concerned.

In a friendly way, I must take issue with a particular statement of the reviewer about Charles Sangster where he says, "the Sangster essay . . . brings forward a good deal of information not hitherto easily come by".

The "information not easily come by" is based mostly, as I see it, on the Sangster letters and an autobiographical fragment discovered (perhaps I should say, rediscovered), by me in the library of McGill University and which I dealt with at some length in Dr. Percival's "Leading Canadian Poets", Ryerson, 1948, and later in "Five Canadian Poets" 1954 and 1956 — so, most of this "information not hitherto easily come by" has, for the most part, been easily available for some ten years. As a matter of fact Dr. Pacey uses practically the same quotations from the Letters as I did. Dr. C. F. Klinck, in the summer issue of *The Fiddlehead*, gives Dr. Pacey the same credit, so it is time the record was put straight.

Referring to Miss Pomeroy's letter re Edmund Collins, in the June issue, those interested will find a very touching, personal tribute to Collins by Archibald Lampman in "Selections from At The Mermaid Inn," recently published.

Arthur S. Bourinot

Turning New Leaves

► AT FIRST GLANCE, this is a volume* which should open up lesser known aspects of Rilke's poetry to English readers and win many more friends for the marvellous beauty of Rilke's poetic world. And undoubtedly, for the reader who is unable to cope with the original German and who knows nothing, or next-to-nothing, about Rilke, Mr. Leishman's translation and prefaces are an access into an otherwise inaccessible world. But it must be seriously questioned whether this volume, despite its thoroughness, devoted workmanship and claims of completeness, will receive anything more than a casual nod from the genuine Rilke enthusiasts, the experts and lay readers who, having more than a general acquaintance with the German language, have gained through time and experience their own access to Rilke's imaginative world.

On reflection, the translator of lyric poetry is faced with several possibilities: either he can give a literal prose rendition, in which case he captures the essential thought content and much of the imagery of the original, but loses the rhythm, metre, rhyme scheme and tonal values of the original; or, he can give a verse translation, in which case he begins with a fixed metric, rhyme and stanzaic scheme, and must adjust the thought content within his fixed form. A third possibility, a free linear translation, is a compromise between the two. In a free linear translation each line corresponds to a line in the original. No attempt is made to capture rhythm, metre, rhyme or tonal values. What each line conveys is an accurate meaning, and possibly the verbal structure. The free linear translation has the advantage over the literal prose translation in that, as it is written down in stanzaic form, it conveys to the reader something of the thought and line progression of the original, a sense of the form and verse division, although it may carry little

or none of the emotional and artistic impact of the original. Faced with these possibilities, a translator must make a decision, and whichever method he chooses will prove unsatisfactory, for in lyric poetry he is dealing not simply with words, but with the magic of quality, which is both elusive and intimately one with the mother tongue.

In the opinion of this reviewer, the fairest and most responsible way to convey an impression of Rilke in English is by means of a plain prose translation accompanied by the original German. This may be drawing the line too dogmatically, and yet, given the inadequacy of the best translations, is it not better to let the reader approach the poet in the most basic and elemental form? The subtleties of Rilke's language are too numerous to expect the most sensitive and skillful translator, even when giving the best of himself, to produce much more than an approximation of the original. Because of the compass of Mr. Leishman's work — some 299 pages of actual translation — it was obviously impossible to follow the ideal course, viz. to print the German text side by side with the English translation. Hence Mr. Leishman's two indexes, in German and in English, whereby the reader is invited to refer to the German editions for himself.

Mr. Leishman's translations tend to the formalistic and to the interpretative. They are the products of sensitivity, insight and skill, and on the whole read smoothly and idiomatically. But they leave one very often more with a sense of the translator's personal view of Rilke than with a view of Rilke himself, and the dominance of the verse forms leads all too often to an apparent arbitrariness. Take, for example, the poem entitled "On the Death of Countess Luise Schwerin." A free linear translation of the first stanza would read as follows:

My thoughts moving from legend to legend
I seek your name, bright lady.
As the nights at the time of solstice
into the stars grow without end,
so you take everything into yourself, Legend,
and surround me like a deep blue.

Mr. Leishman's verse translation reads (page 58):

Many a legend I have meditated,
searching for the shining name of you.
Like those nights when summer's reinstated
and our earth becomes enconstellated,
all things to yourself you have related,
and surround me like a deepest blue.

Skilfully Mr. Leishman has retained the original stanza form, as well as Rilke's original rhyme scheme a b a a b. But by the use of the rhyme sequence *meditated-reinstated-enconstellated-related*, the simplicity of the original has been lost. In the same sequence Rilke has used *Legende-Sonnenwende-ohne Ende-Legende* — all simple everyday forms in German. Mr. Leishman's translation, although an achievement in its own right, conveys, however, a disturbingly different character.

The poem "Verganglichkeit" is another example. First of all a free linear translation:

Transitoriness

Shifting-sands of the hours. Softly continuing disappearance
even of the happily blest house.
Life is constantly stirring, Already without connection
the columns which bear no more stand out.

But decay: is it sadder than the fountain's
return to the mirror-surface which it has dusted with
brightness?

Let us hold to Change with our teeth
that he grasps us fully into his seeing head.

*RAINER MARIA RILKE. POEMS 1906 TO 1926: Translated with an introduction by J. B. Leishman; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 402; \$5.75.

Mr. Leishman's verse translation (page 301):

Mutability

Quicksand of hours! Perpetual quiet disappearance
even of buildings happily blessed!
Life goes on blowing. And now they've lost all coherence:
idle arches, columns at rest.

But why should it grieve us more than a fountain's turning
back to the mirror its ripples have overspread?
Let us stay between Change's teeth, and hope that she's
learning
to comprehend us within her contemplative head.

Readers may react to this in various ways. Undeniably, it conveys an impression, perhaps even a feeling. Its stanzaic form corresponds to that of the original, also the rhyme scheme. And yet, who can be completely happy with it? Somehow it has lost too much of its vitality. The columns which in the original *stand out*, have become mere "idle arches, columns at rest," and the smoothly flowing "But why should it grieve us . . ." has replaced the challenging "But decay: is it sadder . . .?"

Mr. Leishman has obviously had second thoughts on this particular poem. Possibly, like Tennyson, he has smoked many a pipe over each line! In 1934 appeared under Mr. Leishman's name a small collection of translations of miscellaneous Rilke poems. The collection included an earlier version of the same poem:

Mutability

Flying sand of the hours. Endlessly quiet disappearance
of the building blest with uplifting of voices and hands.
Life blows like a wind for ever. Without coherence
point skyward the stark columns on which nothing stands.

But decay: is there really more there to sad thoughts
compelling
than the fount's return to the surface it dusted with
spray?

Between mutability's teeth let us make our dwelling,
and let her savour us fully in her contemplative way.

There is an amazing family resemblance between the versions of 1934 and 1957! And perhaps like the beautiful and much admired child who developed into the gangling and unattractive grown-up, the translation is more appealing — at least truer — in its earlier form.

Mr. Leishman has other idiosyncracies which one soon learns to accept. There is, for example, his preference for "though" to translate the German "aber". Rarely does he make use of the more dynamic possibilities "however" and "but." There is also his use of italics to convey an emphasis which is not in the original — Rilke, it must be added, also used italics — or to point out a natural emphasis which occurs in the third line of the original, but in the *fourth* line of the translation. The peculiarities of Rilke's idiom Mr. Leishman often meets in his own way. Rilke's facile use of unusual, but perfectly clear word formations has inspired such infelicitous phrases as: "vaulteder all of a sudden," "signs of our transformed selves," "the brook-along all-jubilating meadow," "daily before my heart you uptower," and "O cross-way of my mouth, O lips-uniter." On the other hand, such formidable lines as the following:

Sprich in der Nacht zu mir—
nicht mit der Rede sprich
(Worte die wissen wir),
aber wir wollen dich
geben an Seiendes
und durch Entzweindes
mit dir hinübergehen

in ein befreiendes
weilendes Weltgeschehn,

Mr. Leishman manages with a flourish (page 125):

Speak in the night to me,
speak to me not with speech
(we know what words can be)—
you whom we want to reach
out to existency
and through discordancy
journey across with you
till there's a freely
durably world in view.

Rilke's use of alliteration and internal rhyme is likewise an irresistible challenge to Mr. Leishman. Thus, a fragment from "Orpheus," which in the original reads:

Wahre dich besser wahre dich Wandrer
mit dem selber auch gehenden Weg,

becomes in Mr. Leishman's hands (page 268):

Ward yourself better, be warier, wanderer,
with that way that is walking as well.

This tendency, however, slips in where it is not found in the original. The lines:

Oh sage, Dichter, was du tust?
Ich rühme.
Aber das Tödliche und Ungetüme,
wie haltst du's aus, wie nimmst du's hin?
Ich rühme.

are rendered by Mr. Leishman as (page 258):

Oh, tell us, poet, what you do?
I praise.
But those dark, deadly, devastating ways,
how do you bear them, suffer them?
I praise.

Is the phrase "those dark, deadly, devastating ways" really an improvement on "the deadly and the monstrous?"

Unluckily Mr. Leishman has chosen the particularly difficult task of translating in verse form. While most of his translations have been successful from a formal point of view and have captured some of Rilke's qualities of simplicity and inwardness, there is still much doubt as to whether they represent the best that can be achieved. Too often, one feels, the book resembles a vast collection of Procrustean beds, varying in size and shape, but all painfully uncomfortable. All signs indicate, however, that Mr. Leishman has conceived his work on a large scale. The compass of the translations and the concern for completeness — the volume comprises some 350 completed poems, and an equal number of fragments and sketches — the strict chronological order and carefully developed bibliographical and interpretative introductions, and, not to forget, the two indexes — all this may suggest to many readers a pretentious and somewhat academic flavor.

With this volume Mr. Leishman brings to a completion many years of preoccupation with Rilke and Rilke translations. To his credit it must be said, he has attempted a difficult, even impossible, task, and the volume bears eloquent witness to Mr. Leishman's painstaking and devoted workmanship. We would therefore be ungrateful not to acknowledge our debt to Mr. Leishman for his valuable contribution to Rilke scholarship. But, at the same time, we sincerely hope that this is not the end, but one step toward a truer and more responsible translation of Rilke into English.

DOUGLAS JOYCE

Books Reviewed

Public Affairs

REFLECTIONS ON AMERICA: Jacques Maritain; Saunders; pp. 205; \$4.50.

In 1932, the year before Maritain visited the Americas and passed through Toronto on his way to lecture for the first time in Chicago, he published *The Dream of Descartes*. This year, on retirement from Princeton, he published another volume which might be called *The Dream of Maritain*. Except for authorship the two books have little in common. The first, an attack on one of the great dualists who gave the modern world its broken mind, is a seriously Thomist document. The latter is a personal letter of gratitude to the United States. It avoids Thomist direction as far as possible in an inveterate Thomist. It is not the fruit of scientific and systematic study but is composed of remarks, impressions, rambler's notes, incidents, accidents, feelings: the things that arise from sympathetic understanding and are not found on the great intellectual highway of Objective Truth. Hence there is no question of competition or even of comparison with the reasoned politics of Tocqueville or the massive authority of Bryce or the rich realism of the Beards.

Maritain had reason to love his life in the States and tells his readers so. He loved its boisterous activity with its monstrous clamors, its paradoxes, its fantastic parades, its cheerleaders and its half-clad majorettes. Does the American love money? Well, he's generous, not avaricious. His materialism is forgiven him. He is not a braggart, as so often seems, but a modest man, enquiring his way of every passer-by; his braggadocio is forgiven. He seems to be an enquirer after wisdom, like the ancient Athenians, but is, perhaps, merely curious. To Maritain, as to the Romantics of the nineteenth century, the bourgeois is the most despicable of all social classes. The most admirable is the proletarian. Society in the United States is classless for him too; today the rich rape the poor, tomorrow the poor rape the rich all for the furtherance of proletarian good fellowship which will lead the Master to say: "Good and faithful servant, you have lived long in God's country, enter now into the joy of your New Kingdom." But "if America become *embourgeoisée*," and the danger is serious, then it is definitely off the track.

To one who has lived beside and among Americans for almost a century, and has loved many, this twenty-five year exaggeration of the mysterious complicity between the subject ("American") and Objective Truth (the crux of Maritain's ingenious and interesting epistemology) is gross flattery which the élite among Americans themselves will accept only with reserve and aloofness. No people today is so deeply Rousseauist as the people of the United States. Many passages in Maritain's essay on Rousseau in condemnation of Jean Jacques are apt descriptions of the United States of America. In spite of repeated reminders that the author is recording only "impressions" ("it is in no way with the actual moral behavior of people that my few reflections are concerned"), he writes against a background of timelessness, the life of the intelligence, so to say, of God. Where immeasurable Intelligence is supreme, the ethics of daily life vanish. But we are all in life, caught up in the maelstrom of behavior, caught between the Cross and the Crown, and the Thomist perspective blows up in our faces, our ears ringing fortunately with the words: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

Reflections makes part also of another sequence. Maritain has always been interested in the New Jerusalem, the

new Christian Kingdom. As a most distinguished metaphysician, he believes in prophecy as an apanage of philosophy and, while warning all and sundry of the deep perils of the prophet's role, he has himself mounted the tripod. *Antimoderne* (1922) is an attack on "the errors of the present time" and might be described as a Jeremiad against all that the United States has stood for in its highest standard of living campaigns against grandpa's toolshop and grandma's tireless body as it built up its vast industrial civilization. In reality it is a powerful argument in support of France as the predestined leader of the New Christian Kingdom. In 1938 *Integral Humanism* gave the New Kingdom a characteristically reasoned constitution but without any clear indication as to leadership. Now, in 1958, renouncing ponderous argument, the author's feeling is that the United States has the best chance for the Mosaic and Judaic succession. Yet *Reflections* closes on a most dubitative note, as if a realistic St. Thomas should wake up and reprimand a wandering Jean Jacques Rousseau. "Gratitude is the most exquisite form of courtesy," writes Professor Maritain, and it is as if suddenly his courtesy had outstripped his gratitude. His conclusions are too weighty for his premises. Of such are the intermittences of the heart. He seems not to have heard of the much vaunted American way of life. In no such statement have I come across any Abrahamic consciousness of comparable high destiny. Listen, first, to a new humanist: "In America our accepted Vision of the good life would come to these few articles of faith: to make a lot of money by fair means, to spend it generously; to be friendly; to move fast; to die with one's boots on." Now listen to an enormous best seller, "one of the really great stories": "She (the American girl) to us was America, Democracy, Coca Colas, Hamburgers, clean places to sleep, or the American Way of Life." In no one of these is there even an adumbration of "one far-off divine event To which the whole creation moves."

To most Frenchmen, the Americas are Golconda. In his early even more radical days, Maritain was not easy on the legendary American billionaires. He touches several questions like those of race, sex, divorce, crime and justice. The inability of the United States really to criticize itself he hardly glimpses. The only solid intellectual movement of the last twenty-five years of its life he does not see. New Humanism was killed by its own lack of insight. Neither the dollar nor the bulldozer is to him symbol of a people that knows not leisure. With these two utensils and the restlessness of a know-it-all temper no country is safe to follow its own light. Neither the marshes of Ireland nor the fens of Scotland nor the ice fields of Canada are safe against the bulldozing and the gold while the United States pursues its fantastic parade to Paradise. "I am far from saying that today's American civilization is a new Christendom even in outline . . . There is no place in the world where Christian philosophy is more needed . . . but if a spiritual renewal takes place strong enough to reverse the trend towards naturalism in public and private life, it may become a particularly propitious soil. If a new Christendom is ever to come about in human history, it is in America that it will find its starting point." Such are a few of the trembling sentences which close Maritain's *Reflections*. But, if he chooses to turn his back on his own country, which is undergoing a certain therapy at this moment, has it not occurred to him that, in the providence of God, there might be another candidate whose sacrificial sufferings in the last fifty years have been overwhelming, one who has already led other lands along that road of freedom, including France and Canada, Australia and India, Ghana and South Africa and countless other Commonwealths around this globe, even the United States itself? Then Maritain adds an almost final

word: "I expect Saints and Miracle workers to arise in the midst of the labours of the world. Without them I have no idea how a new Christian civilization can come about." I have known priests who seemed to think that Christ could come only when *they* let him through.

It must be added that *Reflections* is written in English interlarded with American slang to give it a desirable informality. To make it still more informal, every infinitive is split on sight without rhyme or reason. This seems, after so many years of exact and lucid speech, to be a kind of derogation from the high standard of the author's usually direct, nervous and virile French.

Maritain's arduous labors of fifty years constitute a remarkable adventure in Christian humanism. From Aristotle to Bergson and back again, weighing all philosophers and philosophies in the scales of Thomas Aquinas, building a Christian document which is hard to resist and hard to accept for the "modern" man, marks one of the great heroisms of our time. Only one other contemporary has made this enormous voyage in search of a human norm but he denied the validity of the Christian experience. Maritain has had another aim, to restore the intelligence to its rightful primacy in the spiritual life.

J. S. Will.

RELIGION, SOCIETY AND THE INDIVIDUAL: J. Milton Yinger; Brett-Macmillan; pp. 308; \$5.00.

It is the virtue of this book that its author, in approaching a broad and difficult subject, has produced a comprehensive treatment in a volume of modest length (a little over 300 pages) without being unduly superficial: and he has combined a valuable and critical survey of the more significant literature on the topic with insights and an organization of his own so as to make the book a genuine contribution to sociological study. The author regards it as an introduction to the sociology of religion, and it is, he says, "an expression of the belief that the student of society must be a student of religion."

The opening chapters consist of a theoretical discussion, a kind of prolegomena, which seeks to clarify the categories under which religion is to be considered by the sociologist in his empirical investigations. The question of definition is primary, and it is understandable that he looks seriously at only two kinds, the genetic and the functional, of which he adopts the latter for reasons which he carefully points out. The remainder of the book consists largely of the application of the functional theory to the study of the relationships between religion and personality, secular social systems and social change. In this he employs a sixfold classification which, in the reviewer's opinion, requires some critical analysis itself if some regrettable obscurities are to be avoided.

Sociological analysis of a phenomenon in functional terms inevitably emphasizes motivation and personality needs, both of which are readily projected from the individual to the group level. The notion of integration applies at both these levels: so also do problems of human frustration and anxiety in their particular forms. The author discusses a number of these and considers religion in the light of its apparent effectiveness in achieving the various goals associated with each of these given aspects of life. He is careful to avoid value judgments as much as possible, and the few obvious ones that he does make are indicated as such by him. The point that he stresses is that it is in relation to the felt and expressed needs — those determined by the given social-cultural environment as well as human nature itself — that any particular religion must be examined. At the same time there is interaction between the religion and

the secular institutions. In some cases this interaction is minimal, and it is in these cases that he speaks of the religion as "irrelevant" and "meaningless": it is not alive or responsive to its contemporary social conditions. For the sociologist, he points out, it is not a matter of truth or falsity of the religion (or its doctrine). The reader may wonder whether the concepts of relevance and meaningfulness are by themselves adequate substitutes. "Efficacy" is perhaps the safest notion, and the author does, in fact, concentrate on this: this is the important category, the only one which fits properly with the way he repeatedly speaks of "the efforts of religion," and of religions as "attempts to help," etc.

Quite rightly the author indicates that the lines between religious function and secular function are obscure. He might have also noticed that the definition he adopts has its own obscurities which, I think, are responsible for the very imprecise way of speaking of religion as being an attempt of a certain kind, and then of referring to the efforts of religion. Is it an expression of a human effort, or is it some kind of a thing which makes efforts on its own; or is it in essence neither of these? It may after all be that it is not religion, in the most significant sense, that a functional approach can deal with. One has this feeling through a good part of the book.

Gordon Watson.

THE SCHOLASTIC CURRICULUM AT EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CAMBRIDGE: William Costello; Saunders; pp. 221; \$5.95.

Father Costello is an American Jesuit who studied at both Cambridge (Mass.) and Cambridge (Eng.). At the latter, he was attached, rather surprisingly, to Emmanuel College: by foundation and tradition the home of Puritanism, and nursery of most of the important first-generation emigrants to New England, including John Harvard — the Harvard Press now publishes the results of Father Costello's sojourn among the godly. The book is a refreshingly brief and lively survey of what undergraduates and graduates studied at Cambridge under the early Stuarts. But it's much less specialised in interest than it sounds, because the curriculum had remained much the same for four centuries, and because it was the property not only of Cambridge but of Christendom. For anyone concerned with education at the university level there is much material for reflection in this study of the training which the best minds for over four hundred years thought was good for young men. Or most of the best minds — the attacks of Milton on the system described by Father Costello are well known, and our sympathies are naturally on the side of the poet rather than the dry-as-dusts. But at its best the 'scholastic' discipline taught students to think, precisely and clearly; at its worst, it spoon fed them with secondary rubbish. Will the verdict of, say, the twenty-fifth century on our university courses be very much different? The system, even in the middle of the seventeenth century, could still nurture great minds, until Cambridge (and Oxford) sank into the lethargy of the eighteenth century. Not of course that lethargy is entirely a product of the Enlightenment. Father Costello gives us glimpses of actual university life, as compared with the University Catalogue — of those lecturers, for instance, who "laying their duties upon others, grow themselves to be idle and given to play and pleasure and become factious and busy in bye matters": nowadays, in England at any rate, they would be writing detective novels and musical comedies, and very nice too. The laziest dons are always the most sympathetic and probably the best.

My only negative reaction to this book is that the jokes are sometimes over-heavy and rather coy. But then I doubt whether popish clerics can really handle donnish humor,

which is an Anglican invention. Ronald Knox could, of course (the late translator, not the football player): but then mentally he was always much more a don than a Monsignor.

H. C. Porter

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM: Ver-gilius Ferm; Philosophical Library; pp. xi, 368; \$10.00.

To produce a collection of "etchings, drawings, lithographs, paintings, maps, and photographs depicting the 500 year history of Protestantism and related denominations" is a formidable undertaking. The greater part of the book is divided according to denominations, with particular emphasis upon later developments in the United States. There are a number of interesting illustrations of contemporary churches and forms of worship in various parts of the world, and these, with copies of early pictures from the time of the Reformation, are probably the most valuable part of the work. It would have been helpful to have distinguished between contemporary versions of an event and later, more imaginative, presentations.

The text does not attempt to give a continuous history of Protestantism, but is rather a running commentary on the illustrations. These notes vary considerably in importance and accuracy. Occasionally there have been printer's errors in dates which have been allowed to stand.

W. Lyndon Smith.

Letters

LAUGHING STALKS: Louis Dudek; Contact Press; pp. 113; \$1.50.

EN MEXICO: Louis Dudek; Contact Press; pp. 78; \$1.50.

For the uninformed, Louis Dudek is one third of the Toronto-Montreal triumvirate consisting in unequal parts of I. Layton, R. Souster and L. Dudek — with no apologies to the earlier Latin triumvirate of Caesar-Pompey-Crassus, and certainly as vociferous unless Cicero is included.

Those were the Roman days when Catullus' verses were being scribbled on the walls of urinals and public baths in the Eternal City. It may have been a prurient age, for we don't do that with our poems — but sometimes make urinals the subject or focal point of a poem itself. As Louis Dudek has occasionally. In *Laughing Stalks*:

De gustibus non disputandum?
While some are living on artificial meringue,
and some on the scrapings of toilet seats?

Certainly the natural functions are receiving their due share of publicity; perhaps all we can hope for is some form of literary constipation — or a succeeding wave of puritanism wiping out the past?

But make no mistake, I think Dudek's brand of humor is wonderful, makes excellent fall and winter fare (leaving out the toilet seats). And *Laughing Stalks* runs the gamut from social satire to sardonic philosophy and sexual hilarity. Nothing seems to be left out — but if so the author will include it in the next edition.

Many of the poems read as if they were entries in some contemporary diary: written in coffee houses (the Riviera?), parked cars, walking on the street — in fact they read as if composed in all the places where life is (lived). What about this?

I praised his art
And he praised me for praising his art.
I never could get him to start
To talk about my art.

It is interesting to note that Dudek has come some distance from the direction of *East of the City* and *The Searching Image* — has become much more positive (not to say strident) in his opinions, is fond of throwing in a Latin or French tag in the manner of Pound and Eliot. It seems to me that much of the introspection has gone down the drain, the quiet tone when trees were 'green clichés' and black girls evoked astonishing sensitivity. Perhaps he no longer wonders about "this unsteady stone in space on which we cross."

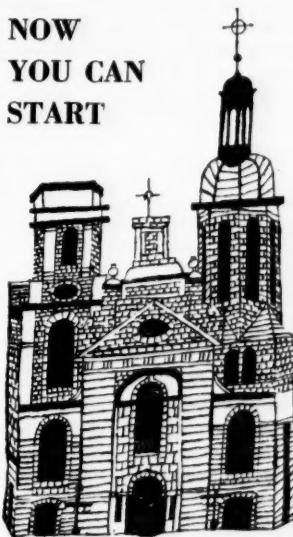
However, the present tense Dudek still writes surpassingly well in *Laughing Stalks*. There are parodies of Birney, Scott, Smith, Layton, etc. — just in time to prevent those authors from writing the same poems as Dudek has written. There is also the *Sequel to Browning's Last Duchess*, and the short *Word for the Living* —

Certainly nothing we can say
can remove the necessity
of decrepitude and decay;
but having said all that, everything
is still to see and say . . .

A previous reviewer has said some rather unpleasant things about Louis Dudek. Among them: he isn't the kind of poet he thinks he is. On the contrary, he is the kind of poet he thinks he is — and sometimes that's just the trouble. Which signals our arrival *En México*. Not to beat around the typewriter, the poems of *En México* are not my dish.

In format the book is a rather imposing creation. Lilac cover, facsimile of the author's signature, large, blank pages between which are interspersed short rhapsodic bursts, and two drawings of nude women languishing coyly among the poems. These are capsule, chile con carne philosophy and

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observation, good or bad depending on your perspective to Popocatepetl or Montreal. They are not trivial, downright bad, to be dismissed lightly. (A good poet wrote them.) But they're not my dish.

Perhaps Dudek is doing a travel diary of the world in our time, as in *Europe*. He may have a grand, overall theme, apparent only to a Ph.D., and perhaps students may one day write theses on the subject of his poems. But I'm not concerned with that. The poems are too easy, too verbose (despite their brevity), too loose and too shapeless. (Maybe the Japanese hokku is a good analogy — except it has a rigid form and discipline which calls forth the best in a poet.) Here's one of the worst:

With tender affection
I flick an ant to the ground,
"Go along now."

And another:

I have learned to give freely to beggars
in Europe, en México.
I have learned to be.

To hell with that sort of thing. I think Dudek can do much better, and I wish he would. Poetry demands sweat under the arm and on the forehead as well as the navel and anus. It seems silly to ask a poet to treat death and old age and the timeless problems of personal existence when men like Yeats, Pound (In Tempore Senectutis), Turner, and many 'old fashioned poets' have done it so well. So the fashion in poetry is to talk of the brotherhood of man (communism), the crazy, demented, hell and fission-bound culture in which we live (politics?). So what? The old questions are still to be answered; the hell and heaven of individual life; the puzzles and paradox of human love, etc.

But I suppose we get too old to change, be something else suddenly; we harp on the same old themes, become rigid in our agitation at the current state of human affairs, yap and bray in static character. So I don't think Dudek is trying hard enough or sweating in the right places. He probably could and would if he weren't so sure of himself.

Last quotation from *En México*:

I would not pretend to explain
but learn a stoic silence,
a little joy.

Well!

A. W. Purdy

THE DIMENSIONS OF ROBERT FROST: Reginald L. Cook; Rinehart & Co., Inc.; pp. 241; \$4.75.

I must have been very hungry for a book about Robert Frost, since I bolted down the first half of this one at the first sitting. The rest took me a couple of weeks to read, and left me dissatisfied. But obviously new light on Frost is desirable.

Other major poets of our time—Eliot, Pound, Auden, Dylan Thomas—have been too much written about by the leading critics, but Frost almost not at all. The books that exist are all "affectionate" treatments: Gorham Munson on Frost (1927), an anniversary book, *The Recognition of Robert Frost* (compilation of reviews, verse, etc.), a sentimental tribute or two (Cox, 1929; Coffin, 1938), and one general study, by Lawrence Thompson, that hardly gets at the core of the poetry. Even the articles by Randall Jarrell only differ by being "enthusiastic" instead of "affectionate." There is no book of analytical or objective criticism on Frost. He has been very popular, and he has had plaudits

and appreciation to excess, but very little serious interpretation of his poetry. This is strange, since his poetry really demands it.

Eliot's poetry of course called for a convention of critics. Putting together dislocated fragments of imagery and literary allusion, together with the suggestion of profound and coherent ideas behind them, especially religious-type ideas, he was bound to make a killing—of critics and criticism. They came in chartered busses. Robert Frost, who presents incidents and people, full of human and tragic interest in themselves, sat by the road while the critics in Cadillacs roared by on the way to Mont St. Eliot; only humble people stopped at Frost's Cabins. But then there are lots of humble people.

Frost once said at a reading I attended that there is probably a philosophy to be dug out of his poetry, if someone was willing to dig it out; he himself had never bothered to do it. The poems are not just incidents presented for their own sake; most of them suggest an idea, or a whole series of ideas. They are samples—he once said "All an artist needs is samples"—illustrating a larger unity; sometimes almost allegories. He once called himself a "synecdochist," that is, one who describes a part for the whole. And that is the chief method of his poetry.

The parts, therefore, should add up. In any case, they should coherently be translated into the abstractions of criticism, at least one set of abstractions, so that the critics of the next generation can go at it again. That is what happened to Hamlet and other "great books." Criticism is not absolutely necessary, but if we've got it we might as well give each poet his fair share. Eliot is certainly not the only one who needs "explication."

The need for a coherent body of ideas to be taken from Robert Frost has stood waiting for so long that the present book is an attempt to fill the need at one bolt. Though Mr. Cook does a pretty good job, he gives us both too much all at once, and not enough. The best part of the book is the first half, in which Frost does most of the talking: Frost has written so little prose or criticism of his own that his thoughts on poetry, or on any other subject, taken directly from his conversations and lectures, by an admiring Boswell, immediately illuminates acres of his poetic farmlands. One can be very grateful to Mr. Cook for collecting and preserving this table talk, or sky talk (Frost likes to talk under the stars, and knows astronomy).

But Mr. Cook's own elaborations and systematic expositions of Frost are less exciting. He is much too uncritical; too ready to arrange the poet's "wisdom" along conventional lines; too ready to elaborate where we don't need elaboration, and not probing enough where we do. This is the book of a worshipper who sits at the feet of his great man—another Eckermann; the first statement that can be called a criticism of his hero occurs on page 134; and there aren't many others. Since Frost holds a defensive position in modern poetry—note his own acid remarks about other poets and other schools—his Eckermann sees his virtues mainly in a negative form: Frost "never" does so and so, he "does not" say so and so, as other poets (foolish fellows) do. Even the critic's own style becomes imitative of the master in an musing way. "Poetry sweats out of emotional tension like sap at the end of fresh-cut wood . . ." "takes to the woods like a squirrel to a hickory knot-hole . . ." "which you go a-foot, the way you go most narratives." All that precious knowledge of nature lore can also become a bit nauseating. We must know the details of the life we live (country or city), but not in this self-conscious poetic manner.

To get to the point, Frost's ideas do add up, into a single-minded unity in no way inferior to T. S. Eliot's or anyone

else's: one would like to look into all their implications, and their deficiencies. There is the dominating "thing said"—what he has to say—and the way it is said. With Eliot the idea is religious orthodoxy, the method irony in the living of it; with Frost it is the touchstone of nature against contemporary non-nature, the method is to show examples. A stoical agnosticism (science is much in his mind) and a moral attitude of Resolution and Independence are his way of life. But it is what he does not say that is most important; he leaves something unsaid that grows strong and austere with unsaying. He has a poem about a gatherer of spruce gum ("The Gum-gatherer") who is like Wordsworth's leech gatherer, and Yeats' Old Fisherman "in grey Connemara clothes":

I told him this is a pleasant life
To set your breast to the bark of trees
That all your days are dim beneath,
And reaching up with a little knife,
To loose the resin and take it down
And bring it to market when you please.

What Frost gathers, whether gum, or apples, or poems, or visions in a deep cold well—that is, what all his poems gather—"What was that whiteness?/Truth?"—is some intuition of an answer that only clarifies the questions he always asks. No complete vision, the poem is, as he says "a momentary stay against confusion"; but it stands so firm in "the nature of things" that we can live with both the confusion—his "desert places"—and the chary stint of the revelation.

There may be little or much beyond the grave,
But the strong are saying nothing until they see.

If this is so, Robert Frost should have brought the touchstone of his scientific austerity and reliance on nature to bear on the world more than he did. He has quarrelled in a sulky fashion with the machine age, with big cities, with city poets, and the rest; but for the demonstration of his thought—and it is really sounder than Eliot's, more reasonable, and more consistent with knowledge and life—Frost has only gone to a select number of rustic samples. His poetry would have been less narrow-seeming, and would have absorbed the age as Eliot's has done, if he had brought his synecdochist method to bear concretely on the non-natural world of dehumanized cities. But Frost has lacked flexibility and responsiveness to the many-sidedness of modern life; he allowed himself to become a conservative symbol in American poetry, and limited his affirmative stand upon nature to a Defense of New England. The result is that there is no historical range in his poetry—his idea of history seems to be limited to affirmation of the American past—and his vision has been fixed around a set of country images, universal enough, but not focused upon a relevant present. His later poetry tries to supply that, with ironic abstractions, but they are no substitute for poetry.

Mr. Cook doesn't make any such criticism of Frost. A collector of wildlife curiosities, he rounds out his admiring survey of Frost by studying all his country virtues. Despite this central defect, the book is a valuable source of information on Frost and his poetry. It is certainly the best to date. I would certainly recommend it to anyone who wants to know more about Robert Frost.

Louis Dudek.

ENGLISH SATIRE: James Sutherland; Macmillan; pp. 174; \$3.75.

It is far from the simplest task of the contemporary literary scholar to cope with the problem of satire: to define it, to determine its essential intention, to decide upon its

relation to comedy, to establish its relevance in the literary picture of the twentieth century. In these essays, the Clark Lectures of 1956, Professor Sutherland concerns himself with each of these major critical difficulties with varying degrees of success. After stating his case in an introductory chapter on "The Nature of Satire" he goes on to deal with its most primitive forms, invective and lampoon, and subsequently to analyse the varied aspects of satire in verse, in prose, in fiction, and in drama with particular emphasis upon the tradition so firmly established in England by eighteenth-century writers, most notably Dryden and Pope, Swift and Fielding. But the range of illustration is by no means limited to this group; rather (and this is one of the most gratifying features of the book) Professor Sutherland, in his rather brief study, provides the reader with illuminating examples from the works of the great Roman satirists (mainly Juvenal and Horace), of Skelton, Byron, and W. H. Auden, of Erasmus, More and Sir Max Beerbohm, of Meredith and George Orwell, of David Lindsay and G. B. Shaw. The references may, in some cases, be but passing, not to say casual, but at least they do point to the prominent place which satire has assumed in the English literary tradition.

Professor Sutherland begins by identifying satire as an art of persuasion and, consequently, as a department of rhetoric. In his fundamental intention "to expose, or deride, or condemn," "to work upon the mind of the reader so as to influence his attitudes and beliefs, and ultimately, it may be, his actions," the satirist differentiates himself from most other writers, particularly the comic writer, his closest colleague, who "is content to interest and amuse, and to fashion delightful patterns out of human character and action." With such an intention it is small wonder that the satirist has always been unpopular and that in the

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nineteenth and twentieth centuries satire has been considered "not quite nice" by the more genteel and sensitive reader. And yet Professor Sutherland maintains that the function of satire is a universal and timeless one, "a living and lively form that has still a vital part to play in twentieth-century literature." Finally, the function of the satirist as a moral agent in any society is cogently expressed: "By enlisting the moral disapproval of society against the offence, no less than the offender, the satirist can help to maintain the standards of a civilised community. By refusing to compromise with wrong-doing and wrong-thinking, with shoddy behaviour and shoddy art, by his very insistence on drawing attention to them whenever they occur, he keeps ethical and social and aesthetic values from being insensibly lowered or lost by default. He knows, too, that our standards are threatened quite as much by the slow spread of mediocrity as by the flagrant offence which everyone can see and repudiate, and he will therefore be vigilant in his exposure of the charlatan, the *ersatz*, and the second-rate. Above all, the satirist today will not be likely to forget how easily and imperceptibly things may go wrong. Living in the twentieth century, he will have more reason than ever to recall, with Pope, 'what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflow'd by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single water-rat.'"

With most of such general observations it would be unreasonable to quibble. Nonetheless there seems to be one major flaw in Professor Sutherland's arguments which calls for special comment. The distinction which he makes between satire and comedy is both tenuous and inchoate and leads to the occasional bewilderment which even his critical ingenuity fails to dispel. Surely the function of the comic writer deserves more than the schoolboy's definition that it is "to interest and amuse, to fashion delightful patterns..." Since the time of Aristotle comedy has occupied a pre-eminent place in the hierarchy of literary genres. Satire as genre belongs to an inferior order, although as a basic ingredient in the comic genre it plays a most significant role; in either case it is ancillary to the art of comedy.

Professor Sutherland's observation that in the past satire has too frequently been mistaken for comedy is a reversible one as his illustrations sometimes indicate. After judiciously selecting *The Medal* as Dryden's best example of Juvenalian satire and suggesting that *Abdualom and Achitophel*, though "political satire," belongs to some poetic type which would seem to defy definition, Professor Sutherland remarks that, though "obviously characteristic of the Rabelaisian side of Swift," *A Tale of a Tub* "is not at all typical of his satire as a whole." Would it be hazardous to venture the argument that, along with the first book of *Gulliver*, *A Tale* is Swift's most sustained piece of comic writing? That there is consistent satiric implication in Swift's treatment of the abuses of learning and religion goes unquestioned, but surely the informing tone of the whole is comic rather than satiric. Again, one of the reasons for Professor Sutherland's perplexity in determining whether a passage from *Joseph Andrews* is comedy or satire is that he fails to formulate a theory of comedy that will illuminate and complement his theory of satire. (There are similar examples of such failure in his study of Jane Austen's *Emma*.) Finally, the author's observation that "Meredith calls *The Egoist* a comedy; but many readers would prefer to call it a satire" is a dead give-away since the novel is a most brilliant exemplification of Meredith's comic theory in practice. (It is worth noting that a recent writer on comedy in general prefers to see it as a tragedy, a view which is more readily arguable than Professor Sutherland's.)

English Satire, despite the above reservation, is a stimu-

lating and provocative book. Its wide range of illustration is impressive and many of the author's critical comments are fresh and perceptive. Stylistically it is characterized by the ease and wit which one has come to expect of Professor Sutherland. If the art of satire in the tradition of English literature has not yet received adequate attention, such a book should provide a good beginning.

George Falle.

TURGENEV'S LITERARY REMINISCENCES (Transl. with an Introduction by D. Magarshak; Prefatory Essay by Edmund Wilson); Ambassador; pp. 309; \$6.25.

Turgenev's reputation in the West has not been equal to that enjoyed by Tolstoy or Dostoevsky. This is regrettable, for the latter two novelists, great as they are, do not have the same measure of sanity and maturity as has Turgenev. He is no messianic preacher, social critic or philosopher, he is, above all, an artist. Not ready to "serve the people" or to promote, through his art, the ideals in which he firmly believed, Turgenev is that rare phenomenon in Russian literature — an unattached artist. "No," he wrote in his essay 'Apropos of *Fathers and Sons*,' "without education and without freedom in the widest sense of the word — in relation to oneself and to one's preconceived ideas and systems, and, indeed, to one's people and one's history — a true artist is unthinkable; without that air it is impossible to breathe." The extent to which Turgenev, besieged by Russian intellectuals, has managed to preserve this freedom is truly remarkable. His novels and short stories, by no means divorced from the problems of his day, are the best testimony of it.

The *Literary Reminiscences* contain his literary credo in the form of short autobiographical and critical essays. Written originally in defense against savage attacks by his compatriots, Turgenev's reminiscences have very little polemical material, but convey his observations of Europe and notes on some of his well-known Russian contemporaries and experiences. They make absorbing reading. The chief value of the present volume is the careful editing and translation by David Magarshak and the prefatory essay on Turgenev by Edmund Wilson. The latter is unquestionably the best essay in English not only on the subject of Turgenev's art but also on Russia's intellectual and emotional history.

G. S. N. Luckyj

HYPHENS: James Russell Grant; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 32; \$1.50.

At about the same time I started to read *Hyphens* I received an English trade magazine containing a one paragraph review of Mr. Grant's book: *Hyphens*, by James Russell Grant, depicts desperate love with Scottish overtones — 'existentialist caves full of tartan elves'.

Now that ought to make things very easy for another reviewer. In fact it doesn't. I began immediately to look for desperate lovers and existentialist caves. The lovers are present and accounted for, but I don't know what an 'existentialist cave' looks like. Is it one that takes responsibility for other caves, or is it an isolationist cave where Sartre once ate a sandwich? In any event it seems I can't let someone else's review affect mine — I have to invent it myself as I go along.

Hyphens opens with a nice, desperate, long-little poem called 'Predicaments Round Liz'. It's stuffed full of Dylan echoes and a sexual thunderstorm right out of Havelock Ellis, plus a twist ending to scarify the nerve endings. Good too. But the trouble with most of these poems is that Grant

depends too much on his novel and hyphenated language to do the poem-work and alibi a rather thin collection of meanings. In most cases it won't — not without help.

Here's an excerpt from the middle of a poem (which is unfair, I know) to illustrate:

If you will come, cut completely
The pretty ligature,
Passion, and come
Echo the gong that is indiscreetly
Hung between heart-beats
Where silence bangs the awful drum
Of what we don't know.

It seems to me this rather intricate arrangement of language covers something hard to find; suspicion has to be repressed that it isn't there at all. Like Dylan, Grant seems always to be shouting at the top of his tonsils without modulation or restraint — be an iconoclast if you can't think of anything else to say.

In 'Clan Soul' we finally catch up with the 'tartan elves' and those curious philosophic caves. It's an interesting poem, tracing the Norse sea-rovers down continuums of time and space, reading some enormous moral of human loss into their travail:

I am the tree I am from. (Yggdrasil?)
Spry sons may colonize the stars, now we have won the night.
... The way is worn ... Not only the moth, but tundra bear,
And flabby tigers, make towards the light ...

A. W. Purdy

MELVILLE AS LECTURER: Merton M. Sealts, Jr; Saunders; pp. ix, 202; \$5.25.

Melville did lecturing for three winter seasons, 1857-59, on "Statues in Rome", "The South Seas", and "Travelling". The lecture business was hardly a success. The man who had "lived among the cannibals" kept glued to his manuscript; his mustache blurred his small voice; and he seemed to develop colds. In short, an inhibited New England performance. These lectures were not preserved in manuscript, and what Mr. Sealts has done in this neat piece of scholarship is reconstruct these lectures (most satisfactorily) from literal newspaper accounts, while telling a great deal about the newspaper reception of this lecturing. Actually, the "Statues" and "South Seas" both seem more interesting than the editor himself allows. Into the Roman world we see Melville bringing his harsh observation, pushing into those edges of terror where the passions first appal before becoming the fires of the subconscious. The Coliseum is Melville's own Coliseum,—wavy with foliage, and the wild beasts leaping up inside. Mr. Sealts' annotation helps greatly with the meaning of these lectures, if his comment seems itself too reserved. More directly, his work makes one consider such things as the American audience and press of the 1850's, and this man who exposed himself to both: himself shy, ministerial,—obviously holding back,—family-centered, ignoring woman,—this friend of Hawthorne.

Kenneth MacLean.

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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE V. REPUBLIC OF FRANCE

(Continued from front page)

the National Assembly does not counteract by passing a non-confidence motion in the conditions outlined above, the bill is considered as passed. Other provisions in the Constitution tend also to render the overthrow of governments less frequent than before, such as the right of dissolution of the National Assembly given to the President of the Republic and the rule that members of the cabinet, Prime Minister included, may not also be members of Parliament. This last restriction, which is intended to make cabinet positions less sought after, is not one of the better features of the new constitution. It would not be surprising if it were amended in the near future when the wave of antiparlamentarianism which accompanied the fall of the Fourth Republic has abated.

The executive is divided between the Prime Minister and his cabinet on the one hand and the President of the Republic on the other. Under the Premier's leadership, the Cabinet governs the nation. Although chosen by the President of the Republic, the Premier is responsible not before the President, but before the National Assembly.

The President of the Republic is no longer a figurehead. He has the right to choose the Prime Minister, to veto a call for a referendum, to dissolve the National Assembly, to ask the Constitutional Council to pass on the constitutionality of bills and international instruments, and to nominate three out of nine judges of the Constitutional Council, and above all, he may, according to the most controversial article in the Constitution (art. 16) take all measures required by the circumstances in a time of crisis, defined as a time when "the independence of the nation, the integrity of its territory or the execution of its international commitments are threatened in a grave and immediate manner and the regular functioning of the public constitutional powers is interrupted". The President alone determines when there exists such a crisis, how much of the legislative and executive powers he should assume and for how long. The major guarantee against the misuse of such powers lies in the election of the President by an electoral college comprised of the people's representative at the national and local levels (members of parliament, municipal councillors, etc.)

The major innovation concerning the judiciary is the creation of a constitutional council of nine judges appointed for nine years by the President of the Republic and the Chairmen of both Houses, each selecting one justice every three years. The Council acts as an election control court, must pass on the constitutionality of constitutional laws and of the standing orders of both Houses, and may be asked by either the President of the Republic, or the Prime Minister, or the Chairman of the Senate or the Chairman of the National Assembly to pass on the constitutionality of a bill. It is unlikely that such a court will play a major role; its powers are too limited to reverse the traditional French hostility to the principle of judicial review.

The structure of the French Community, which replaces the French Union, remains vague but the basic principles governing its future organization are clearly defined. Under the new system, the overseas territories are given three choices: autonomy, integration with France and independence. The choice does not have to be made once and for all as first suggested by de Gaulle before his trip to Africa; the choices remain open. It is only by deciding on integration with France that a territory cancels its option on independence. The territories which, after negotiations with France, choose autonomy will form with France the Community. The organs of the Community are a President, an

Executive Council and a Senate. The President of the French Republic is ex-officio President of the Community. The Executive Council and the Community Senate, which are made up of representatives from France and from the overseas territories, are, for the time being, purely advisory bodies. The community matters which include Foreign Affairs, Defence, Currency, Economic and Financial Policy, strategic raw material policy and, unless otherwise specified by special agreements, justice, University education, foreign and interstate commerce and communications are under the control of the French government. The constitution makes provisions for a possible transformation of this Confederation, now ruled by one of the confederates, into a federation or confederation of equals through the voluntary delegation of powers to the Senate of the Community by the French Parliament and the Assemblies of the territories.

The Constitution of the Fifth Republic appears as a constitution of transition; a constitution which, although planned in its broad lines by General de Gaulle over ten years ago, seems to have been devised to help France solve her present day overseas problems. With regard to the former French Union, the future is now clarified since the basis for the association is a voluntary one. With regard to Algeria the constitution has nothing to say but the very power structure of the executive is meant to avoid a repetition of the events of May, 1958. In a time of crisis, the President may assume very extensive powers and since he is not entrusted with the day-to-day administration of the country, not obliged to commit himself on the price of wheat or the minimum wage rate, he may thus remain a symbol of national unity. He may, if need be, step in, restore order and take any action he deems necessary. If the policy of integration in Algeria were to fail, de Gaulle would probably be the only French politician able to seek other solutions successfully.

There are definite advantages to de Gaulle "returning" to the Presidency, rather than to his village. To the Presidency, de Gaulle will give enough prestige, he who twice "redressed the Republic, her laws, her honour". But what of the Presidency under anyone else. Because of the mode of election to the Presidency, de Gaulle's successor will probably be on the Coty type, lacking the moral and the political authority needed to impose his decisions on the National Assembly, on the Premier and on the nation in a time of crisis. Will he not then be reduced to the role of a back-seat driver? De Gaulle gone, the constitution is likely to evolve toward a more classical parliamentary system. The Premier will probably inherit the powers of the President.

Has France solved her perennial problem of governmental instability? More than the constitution itself, the presence of de Gaulle in the Presidency and the memories of the army rebellion of May, 1958 will probably stabilize the executive for some time. But, as time passes, the National Assembly might be tempted to return to what de Gaulle termed "les délices et les poisons du système" — it may be tempted again to massacre its governments.

France would then be faced with the alternative of disciplining by law her party system or turning to a truly Presidential system.

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